

JOHN BULL

VOL.
LXIX
1807

**AIR RAIDS!
£2,150
CLAIMS
PAID
THIS WEEK!**

**HAMMER
IT INTO
THEM!
*By The Editor***

**WINNING
THE WAR
OF
NERVES
*By A.G.G.***

Don't Blame the Shopkeeper

Now that many types of goods are in short supply the shopkeeper is working overtime—and yet doing less trade.

He has endless calls on his time in looking after your rationing (for nothing), in worrying about the delivery times of his own supplies (for nothing), and in making sure (where goods are short but not rationed) that each and every customer gets a square deal.

Cadburys have had to cut down their supplies of many lines severely.

They have tried, in advertisements, to explain the position. And they have been grateful to find that people understood their difficulties so well. But they realize that the main reason for this is that people have found a new friendship for their local retailer, and see in him a man who is doing the very best he can for them. The shopkeeper has done a fine job—and his customers know it.

So may Cadburys ask you to join them in saying 'THANK YOU' to the shopkeepers of Britain?

Issued by

CADBURYS

OF BOURNVILLE

AS A TRIBUTE TO THE GOOD WORK BEING DONE BY BRITISH RETAILERS



JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 1, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"



Straight from the Shoulder

FIRE THE MUDDLE MANAGERS!

ERNEST BEVIN'S plans for labour increase his reputation as a labour leader.

But mobilisation of man-power is not enough.

Industry needs more than millions of new workers. It needs better management by employers and by Whitehall.

Bevin's grim boldness must be shown by every "supply Minister."

Trap for Idlers

Call-up for industry will be as imperative as the call-up for military service.

Yet there must also be a comb-out of industry.

Muddling managers, inexperienced foremen, young men "wangled" into factories so they can stroll around, should now be given the same marching orders that will apply to Mayfair idlers who have never done a day's work in their lives.

Inexcusable Muddle

Delays in war production are not often the fault of the operatives.

Sometimes they are due to lack of raw materials. Generally, such shortage is understandable.

But sometimes they are due to muddle.

That is inexcusable.

Hidden Inefficiency

An aircraft factory has been on short time for weeks.

Now nearly a hundred men have been sacked.

In another short-time aero works a fitter cannot produce accurate work because of shortage of equipment.

He asks for a straight edge.

The manager tells him to make do with a length of cotton!

The Ministry of Aircraft Production is quick to remedy such disgraces when they are brought to light.

How many are kept from the Ministry's notice?

He's Thick-Headed

These evils are not confined to private factories.

At a great Government arsenal, men have been kept on six-hour shifts for weeks.

Object is to compel them to accept night work.

Men refuse because the canteen is shut at night.

So output suffers because of a thick-headed official.

Non-Existent Jobs

When a member of the Royal Family visited that arsenal, hundreds of fitters who had long been idle were told to look busy.

It is further alleged that machines were started on non-existent jobs.

Are these allegations true?

JOHN BULL has been receiving strange stories concerning this particular factory for weeks. They seem to merit official investigation.

This is the Danger

If they are true, then they are gifts to the Communists, who seek to cripple our war effort.

These factory agitators are not to be despised.

They constitute a real menace to the nation.

They are not hard workers at the bench.

But they work hard at fomenting trouble, particularly among their younger colleagues.

No Muddle Remedy

They are eager to magnify trifling faults.

They do not hesitate to invent grievances.

But if real and important grievances are ended, then their dupes will become fewer.

And such grievances must be stamped out before the new call-up to the factories.

He's "Stood Off"

Workers' enthusiasm must not be blunted.

A watch repairer wants an active part in war work.

But he cannot leave his present time-wasting job without his employer's permission. That permission is refused.

A machine tool operator protests at interference with his machine that slows down his production. He is punished by being "stood off."

Yet he cannot take other work without the employer's permission.

So he can't draw any wages.

Not Kept Idle

No doubt such infamies will now be ended.

Mr. Bevin refused to conscript labour as long as employers had a right to dismiss men when they chose.

He has kept his word.

War workers are at last protected against unfair dismissal.

Mr. Bevin and the Ministers of Supply and Aircraft Production must now see that employers are not allowed to keep men idle.

Winston Listens

This criticism also applies to the Fighting Forces.

It has the support of the Prime Minister.

Mr. Churchill derides his critics.

But he heeds their words.

Was It Wise?

JOHN BULL asked, some time ago, whether the plan to put millions more men into khaki was wise.

We wanted to know how they could be equipped and fed if the factories and land were starved of labour.

Mr. Churchill has answered by telling the Forces to economise in men.

There will not be the proposed call-up of key-workers from factories and agriculture.

STRATEGY

● Hitler's biggest bid for victory is expected in the middle of this month, weather permitting.

Closing of coastal areas in occupied France suggests that invasion preparations are in final stage.

Is it a bluff?

Whitehall doesn't think so, is confident that we shall succeed in smashing the attempt.

Neutrals agree. But it won't be a walk-over for us.

Failure of small-scale attempts last August and September have convinced the Nazis that their forces must simultaneously attack from France, Belgium and Holland at our southern shores, and from Norway at Scotland.

Snap occupation of Eire would bring onslaught against our western coast, for which we have made defence plans without Eire's co-operation.

At the same time, Nazis would begin a Mediterranean "blitz."

It is this latter that our experts regard as a bluff—a feint to divide our forces.

No concern is felt about the possibility of Hitler trying to "cut" the Mediterranean, though it is recognised that the Navy would have its hands full.

Nor is it thought likely that the Nazis will invade Spain to attack Gibraltar, or provoke Turkey by stabbing Greece in the back from Rumania.

Do-or-die attempt must be aimed at Britain.

Isn't It Silly?

We will now offer another tip to Mr. Churchill's Cabinet.

Before their drive for greater export trade can succeed, they must end needless complications.

Ministry of Information subsidises advertising in South America for a certain British product.

A British exporter receives an urgent order for that product.

But the Bank of England refuses a licence unless a special account is opened with South American dollars to meet the transaction.

That means weeks of delay.

The order may be lost.

Far Too Much Delay

Too much delay in every branch of our war effort.

Fortnight elapsed after the Second Fire of London before fire-watching was made compulsory.

Then another week went by before London was scheduled as the first area to be affected.

Yet this obvious step should have been taken in a day.

They're As Slow

Whitehall thus shows itself as slow as the muddling factory managers we attack.

Such slowness is dangerous.

The next two months will be the most critical of the war.

Yet we are only now beginning to get into war stride, as Mr. Churchill admits.

Must Wake Up!

So we repeat that executives as well as workers must speed their efforts.

But in this matter, also, every worker can help.

Short-time or muddle will not be ended by listening to pro-Hitler anarchists. It will be ended if the workers protest to the Government Department concerned, their M.P., or JOHN BULL.

That is proved by the steps just announced by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Bevin.

(Continued overleaf)

FREE AIR RAID
INSURANCE
POLICY* FOR
EVERY READER

£2,150
CLAIMS
PAID
THIS WEEK

* Underwritten at Lloyds. Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

PRIME MINISTER is right in saying that Britain is doing well. But, as he is the first to admit, there is still room for improvement.

Food position in country areas demands immediate attention. In many places only quarter rations are available.

But for an occasional kill of rabbits or a pheasant, many cottagers would never get any meat at all.

Shortage is variously blamed on faulty distribution and excess supplies to the Army.

Whatever the cause, Lord Woolton must remove it.

They Just Don't Know

Plainly, his officials refuse to keep step with him.

Latest example is his advice to eat as much oatmeal as we can and his assurance that ample stocks are available.

In the textile towns, where oatcakes are a staple item of diet, bakers can get only a quarter of the oatmeal they need to meet public demand.

Before Price Fell

They don't keep their eyes open.

Week before egg prices were due to be lowered, customers in many shops were allowed only one egg each—until the Saturday.

Then whole crates of eggs appeared.

Customers were asked to buy eggs—before the price fell.

Oranges Wasted

Many retailers cannot obtain oranges.

Others can supply two to each customer. But in one market loads of oranges lie rotting.

Were they, too, being held in hope of higher prices?

Canteens Favoured

Certainly Army canteens are still favoured.

Bridgwater councillor, himself a shopkeeper, showed the council three dozen 2d. bars of chocolate he had bought from a soldier.

That is more than the councillor can obtain for his evacuee customers in two months!

Does Lord Woolton Know?

There is evidence that some wholesalers prefer to issue bulk supplies to Army canteens and chain stores.

The little trader has to go without.

Don't Need Tin Hats

Mr. Herbert Morrison is being asked to supply M.P.s with steel helmets and box respirators.

Yet M.P.s are not forced to go out into the "Blitz" so often as Home Guards, district nurses, volunteer fire-bomb fighters, and others who are still without "tin hats."

Armed With Armet

Senior A.R.P. messenger in a north-east port enrolled in October, 1939, is still equipped only with an armet.

He even has to borrow a C.D. respirator!

Such a "Safe Spot"

You'll never guess the "safe spot" to which forty infirm and elderly men were evacuated from London.

It happens to be a Salvation Army hostel in heavily bombed Manchester!

That is not the only complaint of some of these ex-soldiers.

They must be removed!

She's Forgotten

We say again that bombed people are being treated like beggars.

Woman whose son was killed and herself buried in debris spent ten weeks in hospital, was then evacuated to Scotland.

After some weeks of relief payments, she is now wandering from office to office without getting a farthing.

Free For All!

Although certain restrictions still apply to the reporting of air raid damage, there are still channels through which an enemy agent could compile detailed reports about specific raids.

Perusal of a recent issue of a trade paper would furnish a wealth of information as to localities, extent of damage, to say nothing of the new factories in which bombed-out businesses are now operating.

Heroines Suffer

Women ambulance drivers are winning medals for bravery.

But they wonder why they have to be content with £1 a week less than men get for doing the same work.

Behind the News

● Luftwaffe ratio of loss in the Mediterranean blitz is much higher than their casualties in the first big attack on Britain, which cost them the mastery of the air.

● Portending even greater disaster to Goering's southern hopes are the results of the devastating R.A.F. pounding of Italian air bases and the fact that Nazi service lines of communication to the Mediterranean stretch more than 900 miles from home.

● On the German home front, R.A.F. attacks have led to the taking over of civilian factories to replace bombed war works. So many textile mills have been switched over to munitions that men's clothes are now very scarce.

● Frau Scholz-Klink, leader of German womanhood, has also been made to risk the modesty of Nazi maidens by ordering the shortest possible skirts and the minimum of underwear.

● Third Nazi standardisation is food. When stocks are exhausted from occupied territories, all Germans will eat the same food at the same meals on the same day.

There may be some jobs in which sex discrimination in payment may be justified.

But not in A.R.P.

Nurses Ill-treated

The Minister of Health appeals for nurses experienced in fever and tuberculosis treatment.

But the warning note was sounded months ago by local authorities, and ignored.

In these branches of work the nurses work long hours for a pittance, have little or no social life.

Have these conditions been remedied before making the appeal?

Patients Sent Home

Consumptives are to be barred from air raid shelters.

But are there enough beds for them in sanatoria?

Even serious hæmorrhage cases have been sent home to make room for expected air raid casualties that never arrived.

Reallocate the hospital beds Mr. MacDonald!

Too Many Appeals

There is muddled thinking in Mr. MacDonald's office.

Remember his appeal for factory nurses?

Well, an unemployed fever nurse applied, and, after two months of waiting, has just been informed that no vacancies exist!

Mr. MacDonald makes too many "urgent appeals."

● Official Russian figures show that Germany has received less than 50 per cent. of the oil she expected from Russia.

● Figures for cotton also tell their own story. German minimum import needs are 400,000 tons a year. Soviet limit of exports proves to be not more than 20,000 tons.

● Nazi effort to distribute forged pound notes in neutral countries has been quickly stopped. German forgers, sent to Turkey to establish their H.Q., have been rounded up on information from British agents.

● Despite Axis threats against U.S.A., German, Italian and Jap interests in U.S.A. are realising their assets as fast as they can in an effort to send them to South America.

● Since discovery of the secret Nazi airfield in negro republic of Hayti, new legislation has been drafted to prohibit German ownership of any property within the Panama "danger zone."

● Copper returns from occupied territories have proved so much below Nazi estimates that Goering is having to commandeer all domestic utensils and house fittings of this metal in Holland and Belgium.

Not Yet a Soldier

Mootest of moot points is the case of a man who, called up for military service, could not report to his depot because of illness.

Health Insurance and P.A.C. won't make him grants because they assert he is now in the Army.

He can't get Army pay because he hasn't reported for service.

JOHN BULL's view is that he is not yet a soldier.

Seeing the World

That reminds us of called-up men who were ordered to a West Country camp.

On arrival they were told there was no room for them and were ordered to London!

Join the Army and See the World.

Still No Allowance

Too familiar is the story of a man who joined up last November, complied with all pay formalities, but whose wife and child are still without an Army allowance.

Only fair to say that we have just seen the most careful and detailed report drawn up by an Army paymaster to explain a man's accounts.

Is It True?

Each command should issue clear guidance regarding the wearing of "comforts."

We hear of a soldier stationed in Lancashire who has been punished by fourteen days C.B. for wearing a scarf that matched his uniform.

That is not true, we trust.

Cold-Catchers

Unless our memory is failing, we seem to remember a pledge that all soldiers would be properly accommodated before the winter.

But troops are still sleeping out under canvas in at least one part of the country—and catching colds.

This is hardly the best way to harden them into perfect health. Perhaps huts will be built for them next summer?

It's a Racket

Driven from towns because their homes have been bombed, forced to transfer their children from one secondary school to another, parents are being told by headmasters: "Your child must wear our school uniform."

And buy new school books.

Unfortunately parents find, as usual, that school clothes can be bought only from certain shops at exorbitant prices.

What a racket!

Not Enlightening

Also rampant is the dodge of selling spent torch batteries that have been warmed up to last for half an hour or so.

Be on your guard.

Ending Abuses

Finally, JOHN BULL must acknowledge the haste shown by certain Government Departments in ending abuses to which we have drawn attention.

In time, maybe, all branches of officialdom will show the same public spirit.

We'll continue to attack them until they do.

So write to JOHN BULL about it!

HAMMER IT INTO THEM!

IF the enemy's open threats have any substance, and if competent American observers are not mistaken, we must expect a German attempt to invade this country before the end of March.

The British High Command has made its preparations and awaits the onslaught undismayed.

Some highly placed commanders await it eagerly, because they see no other immediate hope of coming to grips successfully with the Nazis.

JOHN BULL shares the general opinion that we are fast approaching a supremely critical stage in the war. But we are not yet ready to land an army on the Continent.

On the other hand, JOHN BULL is convinced that we can launch—and ought at once to launch—a major offensive of another kind.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR A MASS ATTACK.

UPON PUBLIC OPINION IN GERMANY, IN ITALY AND THROUGHOUT ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY.

TO HELL WITH HITLER! IN THIS MATTER AT LEAST THERE IS NO NEED TO WAIT FOR HIS NEXT MOVE.

JOHN BULL urges the Ministry of Information and the Foreign Office to take a lesson from Bomber Command; to select their objectives with care, and then to hit hard and hammer their blows home.

JOHN BULL advocates a propaganda barrage so intense that it will flatten the barbed wire entanglements of Nazi lies, opening a path to the conquering assault of Truth.

The Axis Powers cannot win this war, no matter how long it may last.

If we can bring that home to the German and Italian masses, we shall win a battle of decisive importance.

Hitherto, Britain's foreign propaganda has been deplorably weak. Where we have spent thousands of pounds on this essential service, Nazis have spent tens of thousands.

Where our "attacks" have been intermittent and often ill-timed, theirs have been incessant and shrewdly directed at every vulnerable point.

It is only fair to add that, until now, the enemy has had great advantages.

Not even the cleverest propaganda can replace military, diplomatic and economic victories. The Nazis have had a succession of them.

They met with no serious reverse until the first "Battle of Britain," when the Royal Air Force inflicted a series of smashing defeats upon the *Luftwaffe*.

For the British Commonwealth, that was a victory of decisive importance. It frustrated the Nazi invasion plans. It convinced the astonished world that Goering's mighty air force had met its match.

Yet this was a defensive, not an offensive, success.

Things have changed since then.

At last we have positive victories to proclaim.

Italian defeats on all fronts where Mussolini's armies are engaged are facts that need to be hammered home in Germany.

They tend to undermine Hitler's prestige. He has personally helped to "build up" the Duce's reputation.

Millions of ordinary Germans remember the Judas price that Hitler paid for Italian friendship, when he handed a quarter of a million German-speaking inhabitants of South Tyrol over to the Fascists.

THEY KNOW THAT THIS "PERSECUTED MINORITY" WAS ABANDONED TO SLAVERY: THAT ITALIANS SUPPRESSED LOCAL GERMAN NEWSPAPERS, BANNED THE GERMAN LANGUAGE IN THE LOCAL SCHOOLS, DEPORTED GERMAN LEADERS TO THE LIPARI ISLANDS, AND EVEN FORBODE CHRISTMAS TREES AS A "GERMAN CUSTOM"!

All reasonably intelligent Germans are also aware that the military alliance between the Reich and Fascist Italy was of the Fuehrer's own contriving.

They know Hitler insisted on it against the advice of his general Staff, which rated the military value of Italy no higher than we do ourselves.

They remember that Germany's collapse in 1918 began with the downfall of her allies, Austria and Bulgaria, and they fear that it will begin in this war, too, with the downfall of Italy, the one active ally whom Hitler has rallied to their cause.

The Italians, for their part, are increasingly afraid that a German victory would mean the end of Italian independence.

Now is the opportunity to foster that fear.

Now is the time to give Germany chapter and verse for every inglorious Italian surrender to tenacious British forces.

Now is the unequalled chance to foment the natural jealousy and distrust that have always flawed the "axis" between Berlin and Rome.

JOHN BULL does not suggest that the German people, as a whole, have yet lost heart or faith in Adolf Hitler.

But we know that the adult German population—men and women old enough to remember 1918—realise that the Allied victory then was largely due to the ever-increasing supply of materials of war from the United States.

THAT moral and material support has now been guaranteed to us again by President Roosevelt.

The United States has become the self-proclaimed "arsenal" of the Democracies. Her enormous resources of man-power and natural wealth are at our disposal.

And with them we can smash the Nazi régime as surely as we overthrew the Kaiser's Junkers.

Let us, then, use all haste to force this fact upon the German mind.

LET US HAMMER IT HOME.

British propaganda chiefs ought now to tell the Germans day in and day out what Roosevelt's policy will actually mean to them.

Without
Fear
or
Favour
•
by
THE EDITOR

Be Observant

WHEN someone falls short of efficiency in any department of mental life, it is nearly always because he has tried to build on a wrong foundation.

Often he has tried to build without any foundation at all, thinking that there is some magic way, some secret formula that will enable him to achieve success without hard work.

Never was there a greater fallacy. There is no short cut. There is no easy way. Painstaking practice only will produce efficiency.

This applies particularly to observation, and this is an important power, because it is the foundation of reasoning correctly.

If you can't observe, you can't reason, because you won't have the necessary materials on which to work.

Yet how many try to reason without having bothered to learn to observe.

To excuse yourself by saying you are not observant is really to accuse yourself of being lazy, careless and indifferent.

You have no right to be unobservant.

You have eyes.

And you have to form the habit of observing by giving a certain amount of conscious attention to everyone and everything that you see.

If you climb a flight of steps, could you say at the top how many steps you have climbed? You could if you had counted!

What colour eyes has your next-door neighbour?

You've seen them often enough!

You see plenty of things and plenty of people, but you don't give them conscious attention.

Do it from now on.

You'll be surprised how soon you'll do it automatically and how soon you'll discover what a lot more interest there is in the world.

They should tell them all about the President's "lend or lease" programme.

THEY SHOULD REMIND THE GERMAN PEOPLE THAT HITLER HAS LONG SINCE FORFEITED THE RIGHT TO COMPLAIN OF "UNDECLARED WARFARE" AND THAT HE CAN NO LONGER HOPE THAT THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH WILL GO BANKRUPT, SEEING THAT IT NOW ENJOYS THE UNLIMITED ECONOMIC BACKING OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST COUNTRY.

Above all, let them hammer home the business logic of this tremendous "business proposition."

It can be done.

MONEY doesn't matter, because the maximum extension of our propaganda service would be a drop in the ocean of our war time expenditure.

All we need is a first-class propaganda chief, a man who has the Premier's complete confidence and can thus leave him free to the single task of winning the war by sea and land and air.

But such a man must not be unduly fettered by the Foreign Office, as all our Ministers of Information have been hitherto.

He must not be bound by outworn conventions, nor restricted by the antiquated lists of the "things which are not done."

JOHN BULL tells you, because we happen to know, that Britain's inadequate and usually uninspired foreign broadcasts are being listened to already by hundreds of thousands of Germans and Italians, not to mention a multitude of other peoples held under the enemy's thrall.

They could reach an ever wider public if they were brilliantly and imaginatively organised without regard to cost.

We could find ways to subsidise every movement of revolt and every secret anti-Nazi newspaper on the Continent.

We could gradually enlist the support of all Hitler's enemies, whose name is legion.

And, by so doing, we should certainly hasten the day of our final and certain victory.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, Director of Man-Power

DEAR SIR WILLIAM.—How will you start the vital job, entrusted to you by Mr. Bevin, of placing the workers needed for the new win-the-war effort?

Let me make a suggestion. See that employment exchanges and training centres really understand your demands!

Skilled workers are still unemployed, even though Bevin needs their services.

A woman of forty-four, losing her job after twelve years, sought work in oxy-acetylene welding for aircraft, which she did in the last war.

Employment exchange said that she was too old. But she could be trained for some other branch of engineering.

If she accepted, would she be thrown back on the "dole"?

At one training centre, twelve trainees assert five hundred men finished a six months' course.

Only three were given jobs.

These examples typify the general situation, judging by my postbag.

I am weary of reading how the people asked by the Government to volunteer for war work are turned away by the exchanges.

I do not blame exchange staffs. They are victims of a lack of co-ordination for which higher officials are responsible.

That must be your first concern, if industrial conscription is not to increase unemployment!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR.—A smallholder reader sent twelve 40-pound bags of cabbages to market. Return for all his labour is a bill for 1s. 6d.—hire of the bags!

Another man has been fined £10 and costs for sowing strawberries instead of cabbages.

If you can make sense of this paradox you're far wiser than I had thought.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF CONSTABLES

GENTLEMEN.—Perhaps most of your officers have been blinded by car lights, for they seem not to notice the dazzling glare that ruins the black-out.

Some car lights are masked, some not.

Many motorists defeat the mask by fitting a reflector behind the bulb. Others use their fog lamp on clear nights, so they can speed on arterial roads.

Law-abiding drivers are almost dazzled off the road by these tricksters.

Meantime, they risk collision with unlighted bicycles and milk carts in the morning darkness.

Time you ordered a new road campaign to bring down the rising toll of death and injury!—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN WARDLAW-MILNE, M.P., Select Committee on National Expenditure

DEAR SIR.—Having read the first report of your "watchdogs," I resent having paid twopence for it.

Its seven pages merely state the number of meetings held, that "the Co-ordinating Sub-Committee will co-ordinate the work of the various sub-committees," and other uninformative trifles.

Hasn't anyone told you not to waste paper?—JOHN BULL.

Lady ASTOR, M.P., St. James's Square, London

DEAR LADY ASTOR.—I have no doubt that you are as interested as ever in the welfare of those who cannot help themselves.

Raise your voice in protest, therefore, against the victimisation of an eighty-year-old couple.

They gave shelter in their cottage to people from a bombed area. They asked no payment, but occa-



sionally received a small present from their grateful guests.

Now their supplementary old-age pension has been reduced from twelve to four shillings a week.

To get it restored, they have asked their friends to leave.

A fair example of official meanness, you'll agree.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. LILIAN RALLE, London, W.

DEAR MADAM.—"The old folks are just grand" is a common remark in bombed areas. You are the grandest of them all.

Alone in the house on your 99th birthday when a fire bomb crashed through the roof, you carried sand and water upstairs and kept the flames in check, seeking no help until a ceiling fell on you.

And you saved the house!

It was your third bombing, I'm told.

Let me add that your fortitude would have done credit to your great friend, Florence Nightingale.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal A. C. CARROD, Director of Training, R.A.F.

DEAR SIR.—Two orderlies, with nothing to put in order, have been in the R.A.F. since last August.

Apart from one month's drill, they have done nothing except draw the country's money.

They have vainly tried to transfer to an air crew, though airmen are supposed to be urgently wanted.

Why advertise for more recruits?—JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. BAIRSTOW, Newton Kyme, Yorkshire

DEAR RECTOR.—Your kindness, prompted by the cruel injustice of others, is fresh proof that we live in topsy-turvydom.

The cottage of Tom Potter, who gained the M.M. and the Mons Star in the last war, was wanted for a war worker.

So he and his wife were turned out and their furniture piled by the roadside. After trying in vain to find a house for them, you have stored their goods.

No time to build houses for war workers now, it is said. But time enough to rebuild and refurnish a judge's lodgings at Derby at a cost of £5,000!

I shall not think any the less of you if your anger equals your generosity.—JOHN BULL.

ASSESSMENT COMMITTEE, Southend, Essex

GENTLEMEN.—Traders who appealed more than a year ago against heavily increased assessments are still without a decision.

Yet rate demands are now being made—based on the increased valuations.

If you imagine they are too weary to remonstrate, a rate strike will no doubt disillusion you.—JOHN BULL.

Sir CERALD B. CANNY, Board of Inland Revenue

DEAR SIR.—Evidently your income-tax hawks can be as blind as bats when it suits them.

Although a reader has notified them that he has been married four years, they insist upon assessing him as a bachelor, thus depriving him of allowance for his wife.

Just a try-on (in Army language), or mere inefficiency?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR.—"Equality of sacrifice" is still mocked by many local councils.

About 200 evacuees arrived at a North Wales town last week. Some were billeted on families having four or six children of their own, but room could not be found for all, and at least three young children had to be sent miles away.

No one insisted that the "better class" folk should accept these circumstantial schoolchildren.

In one street, occupied by such people as doctors, a retired bank manager, maiden ladies and their maids, not a child has been billeted!

That is typical of the abominable class feeling rife in many towns.

Ginger up local authorities, tell them to prosecute the snobs!—JOHN BULL.

Sir GUNTIN HILL, Deputy-Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR.—People who moved from Birmingham to Scotland were told that new ration books would be posted to them.

Letters have been ignored, they cannot get emergency cards, and they have been without rations for six weeks.

Soldiers on leave find that shopkeepers have no stocks from which to meet their ration coupons.

So long are the queues outside some food offices that evacuees are tempted to bombed towns.

Hadn't you better oil your creaking organisation?—JOHN BULL.



Red Steffi: Nazi Spy



When Nazi-emissary Captain Fritz Wiedemann and the ambitious Stephanie Princess Hohenlohe were seen together again, Washington frowned.

FROM her bedside in a luxury apartment in the fashionable quarter of San Francisco, Europe's most remarkable woman "diplomat" is fighting a legal battle that is being closely watched by the emissaries of half-a-dozen European countries, a hundred American newspapermen, and picked Secret Service men from all over the world.

It will decide whether Stephanie Princess Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfuerst will be expelled from the United States because of her close associations with the Nazi régime.

The Princess travelled to the United States from Britain, and is fighting the expulsion orders that American detectives handed to her in her bedroom two months ago.

Evil Influence

Who is Princess Hohenlohe?

Well, many European statesmen would admit that the Princess has had an evil influence on European politics, unequalled by that of any other woman in our time.

Regent Horthy of Hungary, the Admiral without a fleet, has called her "that great stateswoman."

Hitler sent her his picture and inscribed it "to my dear friend."

The Habsburgs think a great deal of her.

And there was a time when every drawing-room in London and Paris welcomed her as the most distinguished visitor of the day.

But when I first knew Princess Stephanie they called her "Red Steffi of Vienna," the moderately rich daughter of a Viennese Jewish lawyer, who lived in Vienna's Jewish second district.

Red Steffi always attracted attention. She was not beautiful, but her friends, who included a dozen Dukes and many statesmen, praised her wit and her charm.

That was twenty years ago.

Nobody was really surprised when, from the ranks of her many admirers, she picked the Hungarian aristocrat Frederic Francois Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfuerst as her husband.

Still, the Gotha, the Continental Debrett, did not register her as Princess. The family laws of the Hohenlohes did not recognise the marriage.

Hungary's aristocracy was anti-Semitic long before Hitler introduced the Nuremberg laws.

Out to Conquer

Yet such a marriage opened wide social avenues for the ambitious Steffi.

Central Europe was too small for her. She set out to conquer Paris and London as the Ambassadors of Hungary.

Noble Englishmen suddenly found themselves the Moles of Hungary.

Budapest suddenly adopted British street names, and built monuments to famous Englishmen.

Steffi was behind it all.

She "sold" Hungary to Western Europe.

Soon the Princess discovered new possibilities on the political horizon.

Steffi went to Berlin to meet Europe's man of destiny.

"Isn't Hitler a great man?" she cried. "Isn't he wonderful? Isn't he a world beater?"

You could hear her praising Hitler every day everywhere.

She praised him in Vienna, in Paris, and in London.

What she had done for Horthy and Hungary, she set out to do for Hitler and Nazi Germany.

● Willi Frischauer, exiled anti-Nazi Austrian journalist, introduces you to a woman who has done more than any one man to further the Nazi cause in the last few years. Now fighting for permission to remain in the United States, she has travelled far from the days when she was "Red Steffi of Vienna."

She introduced Hitler's London Ambassador, Herr von Ribbentrop, to her Mayfair friends.

In summer, she held court in a beautiful estate in the Austrian mountains.

British friends returned to Mayfair delighted with her hospitality.

Austria was beautiful, they argued, but as it was really part of Germany, Hitler ought to have it.

The Princess administered a dose of Nazi propaganda with every glass of sherry.

When Austria fell to Hitler, many Englishmen regarded it as a natural political development.

Hitler thanked the Princess, decorated her with the Grand Cross of the Eagle (his highest decoration) and set her up in Castle Leopoldsdorfer, which formerly belonged to the greatest Continental theatrical designer.

Asked to Leave

The Princess rushed to Paris, where another Hitler emissary, Herr Abetz, who now rules France as the scourge of Hitler, had been told to depend on her introductions to influential statesmen.

When the last pre-war Government of France exposed Abetz as a spy, the Princess was asked to leave the country.

The Princess travelled to London to act as hostess for her best friend, Captain Fritz Wiedemann, Hitler's former company commander, and then his special secret envoy to London during the Sudeten crisis.

And it caused little surprise when she conspicuously occupied the table next to Lord Runciman at the Alcron Hotel, Prague, during the Czechoslovakian crisis.

She was there all right when history was in the making, and with her was Wiedemann, always intriguing.

By the time war broke out Steffi had lost her Mayfair friends.

But her name hit the headlines again.

Suing a famous peer for breach of a business contract, she demanded £50,000 from him.

The Court denied her claim, and awarded costs against her.

The Princess had played her last card in London.

When she appeared in New York she answered persistent American reporters by saying she had come to do some shopping in New York's Fifth Avenue.

But she soon joined her old friend, Captain Wiedemann, now Nazi Consul-General in San Francisco, and Washington frowned.

When her permit to stay in the United States expired in December, the State Department refused to renew it.

So she has engaged the most expensive American lawyers to fight the State Department.

"She does not want to leave under a cloud of suspicion," says her lawyer.

She is ill, insists another, and the Court meets at her bedside.

To a hundred reporters the Princess whines "My home is London. I am British."

PRIVATES TEACH OFFICERS TRIGONOMETRY

"GOOD heavens, boy, what've you been doing to your face?" asked the young sergeant's mother. "Hardly recognised you at first."

"What's wrong with me, ma?" asks the sergeant, as he gave Ma a second home-on-leave embrace.

"Oh, you look different, that's all. Smarter-looking. My, you've changed."

Her sergeant son does look different. He isn't the grocer's boy any longer.

The loose, undetermined mouth has tightened.

The aimless eyes have become brightly alert.

The chin has perceptibly moved up. The brow is thoughtful. He speaks distinctly, no longer mouth-ing his words.

Sergeant Thomas has been to school again—in the Army!

Better associates, better teachers, than he'd ever known. He has begun to think.

It hasn't altered his features, but it has changed his expression, and expression is what changes faces. . . .

Almost incredible educational things—judged in the light of the last war—are happening now the Army is going to school.

* * *

More than 2,000,000 men are under arms in this country, most of them fully trained.

Men of all sorts and conditions. Some sufficiently content with routine Army life to "call it a day." Still more eager, ambitious, thoughtful, forward-looking, wanting something more. And for the first time the Army is not afraid to make them think.

The Army Council is now putting into operation a policy that believes "it is as important to keep minds alert as bodies fit, if the individual initiative and intelligence which are an essential part of the equipment of every soldier to-day are to be maintained."

That is why Major-General Harry

Willans was recently appointed to the newly created post of Director-General of Welfare and Education.

Among the busiest men at the War Office is Mr. R. S. Wood, Director of Education in the Army, loaned from the Board of Education, tall, athletic ex-officer of the last war, who knows about soldiers as well as classrooms.

These headmasters are succeeding because in the democratic ranks of the 2,000,000 they have wonderful material at their disposal, both as teachers and students

* * *

In one anti-aircraft unit the officer, sergeant and two gunners are being taught trigonometry by a private!

In another unit, one in four of the men, rankers as well as officers, are University graduates.

At the Army Education School, somewhere on the South Coast, sergeants and corporals are being trained to give lectures to their comrades in a wide variety of useful subjects.

Large numbers of men are taking the Army Education First-class Certificate, equal to the matriculation examination.

Amateur schoolmasters, professionals, professors—they're all in the Army now, glad of the chance to pass on their knowledge.

The scheme works through a Central Advisory Council, regional committees, Command education officers.

The Universities, and such professional bodies as the Law Society, the Institute of Brewers, the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, are all helping.

In the libraries of Army units are textbooks on almost every useful subject.

Where such libraries do not exist, either because of the unit's mobility or its smallness and isolation, everything possible is being done to provide books and lecturers.

The classroom is challenging the popularity of the entertainment hall and the canteen. Mind is matching muscle—by Army Council command!

BOMB TICKS—HE WHISTLES!

It was one of London's worst raids. Overhead enemy bombers sailed in and out of patchy cloud, over which the searchlight "mops" dusted their way.

Ack-ack guns sent a perpetual shuddering through the suburbs, and the sky was full of bangs and clangings and reverberations, punctuated by the deeper woomping explosion of bombs.

London stuck it doggedly, waiting for the dawn.

At last the sirens wailed out their long "Raiders Past" signal, and military telephones began urgently ringing, while citizens turned in for a catnap, and milkmen and postmen began their rounds, grim but unperturbed, through ruined streets.

"101 Section proceed to Such-and-Such Street, opposite No. 41. . . . 22/23 Section to Whatist Square, north corner. . . . 103 Section to St. Patriarch's Church. . . ."

From their headquarters men in Royal Engineers' uniform appeared, running towards big lorries piled with the oddest apparatus.

Unbeatable Spirit

Some had been asleep; others were in the middle of a meal. But one and all they ran!

That is the spirit Hitler will never beat.

The lorries whine away through the cold darkness that precedes the dawn.

They pass sullen fires, steaming and smoking and glowing redly beneath the firemen's resistless attack.

They roll over or round great piles of rubble that once were tall, grave buildings.

Knots of first-aid men and doctors draw aside to let them by.

The lorry we are following, in charge of Second-Lieutenant W. L. Andrews, of the 22/23 Bomb Disposal Section, comes at last to its "pitch," pulls up with a squeal of brakes, and disgorges sturdy, dark figures, who spread to their appointed places in businesslike silence.

Amid a crowding jumble of tall grey buildings there is a jagged hole. . . .

Not much of a hole to look at!

Only two feet across, or a little more. Just a black hole in the pavement—edge with some broken stone around it.

Lieutenant Andrews glances round at his men and goes forward alone, kneels, directs the light of a torch into the black cavity, leans over with one hand on the edge.

He is whistling "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Down in that hole there lies five hundredweight of terrific explosive,

Lieutenant Andrews became a Captain and earned the equivalent of the V.C. for exploding a bomb that blew him thirty-five feet.

★ Among this war's really brave men must be counted the dauntless heroes of the Bomb Disposal Squads. In this episode of DEEDS THAT NEVER DIE, Frank Stuart, author of "Elephant in Jet," describes a typical day's work in the life of a B.D.S. unit

pent up, with its fuse making a whispering ticking sound in the silence only broken by that breathless whistling.

There is some digging to be done.

This bomb is fourteen feet down.

Lieutenant Andrews gives orders.

Men come forward. A paving-stone is levered up.

You hear the scrape of spades. The fall of shovelled earth. The clink of a stone or a gaspipe. Someone goes to turn off the mains that pass beneath the pavement.

The first greyish streaks of dawn show sweating men bending and straightening and bending again, talking in low voices, laughing, over that imprisoned mass of explosive.

If it goes off (as it may at any moment) it will blow them and the buildings about them to shattered ruins.

The pile of earth grows larger.

There is a bigish crater now, and it is several feet deep.

They deepen it, never wasting a moment, fighting against time for their lives and a hundred thousand pounds' worth of buildings, but never hurrying too much, taking precautions lest an accidental blow on the bomb-casing may send off the whole box of tricks.

These men are experts and pick and shovel are used expeditiously. . . .

Has a Look at It!

At last the bomb can be reached.

Lieutenant Andrews has a good look at it, much as a gladiator of old might have studied a tiger.

There it crouches, cold, black, still more than half-buried, at the bottom of a bigish excavation.

He climbs down beside it, whistling under his breath: ". . . and my girl he has sto-len a-way!"

He stops whistling.

He takes in his hands a doctor's stethoscope, puts on the earpieces, applies the end to the side of the smooth black bomb, and "listens to its symptoms."

His hands move the stethoscope from place to place. Presently he has found out what he wants to know.

Definitely this is a new type.

There are interesting features.

It is vital that we should know more about them.

The man who does the first experiments stands a big chance of blowing himself to bits.

Naturally!

But the job has to be done.

Lieutenant Andrews begins working on the vanes with a screwdriver and spanner.

As he loosens each screw he describes the process to someone on the pavement, who makes a note of it.

On the pavement men wait with special apparatus.

Digging out a one-ton time-bomb which was embedded twenty feet under a London hospital.

They crouch ready for any eventuality.

Lieutenant Andrews climbs out.

"We can shift her now," he says.

Ready for Moving

The Bomb Boys go down into the crater, fastening ropes round the smooth, egg-like bomb, and slowly they heave on the ropes and, inch by inch, bring a quarter of a ton of German Kultur into the light.

The men close in.

They get their arms under the bomb.

All together, they raise it.

If any man's hand slips . . . but they are grinning at something one of them said, something apt and unflattering to Hitler.

"It's just like an egg-and-spoon race," one of them added.

They did not drop the egg.

They got it on to their lorry.

With a couple of them aboard, the lorry went slowly and steadily to a safer place.

And now the great bomb could have been exploded and got rid of, but that is not the Bomb Boys' way. This was a new type of bomb, and they were as curious about it as a professor about a rare butterfly.

Besides, someone has to analyse the things.

Knowing the risks, they began to pick the bomb to bits. Each step was reported, so that other men in future should know what to do and what not to do.

Presently, Lieutenant Andrews decided to go on alone.

They were near the "hot spot" of that bomb, and it was as well that only one life should be risked.

Gingerly handling his tools, he drew out one fuse and laid it aside.

He told his men to get under cover.

There were some disappointed pleadings—but the men reluctantly took cover.

"He flew through the air with the greatest of ease. . . ."

The undertoned whistling was now almost the only sound.

Now and then it was marked by a tiny metallic click.

Lieutenant Andrews picked up some pillars.

He took the second fuse of the bomb, withdrew it with infinite gentleness.

It came out half an inch—an inch—an inch and a half. . . . And then it sprang back into its place, operated by some hidden spring or magnetism. . . .

Just for a moment the quiet whistling stopped.

Then it resumed again. Again the pliers went into the heart of the great bomb. Again the fuse was withdrawn—more—more—and again it snapped viciously back into place.

Lieutenant Andrews rubbed his chin reflectively. He tried again, attempting to unscrew the fuse. Once more it sprang back. And again. And again.

The whistling stopped altogether.

These bombs have delayed action caused sometimes by clockwork, sometimes by chemicals that slowly eat through a metal plate and then explode the charge.

Sometimes they go off more than forty-eight hours after falling.

Sometimes it is only a matter of half an hour. And they had been working on this one an uncomfortably long time now.

Something had to be done quickly.

Flung Thirty-five Feet

Lieutenant Andrews took a look round to see that his men were properly under cover. Then he quietly tied a bit of cord to the ring of the fuse discharger.

He looked round again.

He pulled steadily on the cord. . . .

There was a terrific explosion.

But not the explosion that Goering would have expected. The Bomb Boys had already taken out some of the guts of the bomb.

Lieutenant Andrews was flung thirty-five feet to one side. His men raced out of their shelters towards him, although two had received splinter wounds.

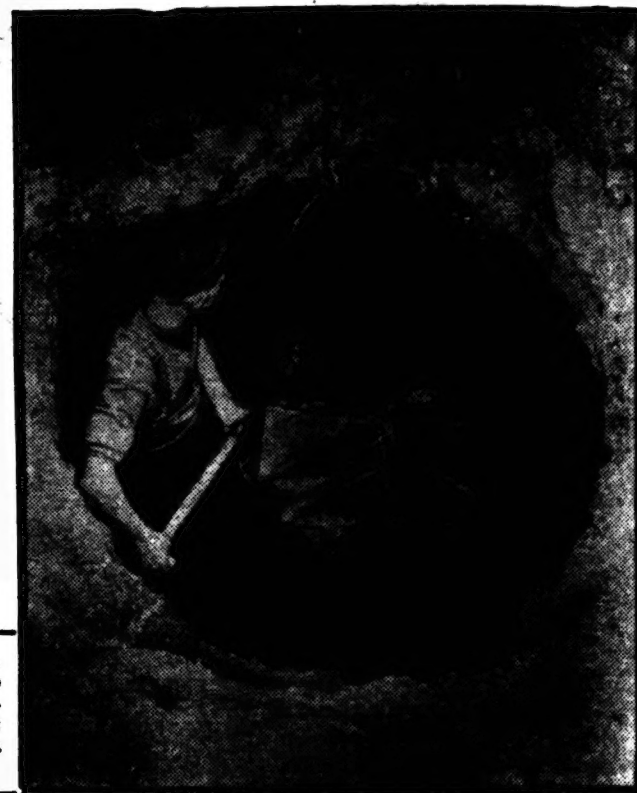
But he was already beginning to pick himself up. . . .

He had lost the hearing of one ear, but he had done the job. Fragments of that bomb were found two miles away!

Now that type of bomb has no terrors for us, and Lieutenant Andrews was promoted to Captain and awarded the Medal of the Military Division of the Order of the British Empire for Gallantry—the equivalent of the V.C.

Day by day the work of the Bomb Boys goes on.

They are uncannily quick in deducing just how these time-bombs work.



We are Winning the War of Nerves

JOHN BULL



A. G. GARDINER

says this war is being fought on two planes—the material and the spiritual. It is the morale of the people that will be the decisive factor. And Britain's nerves were never better!

A REMARKABLE series of articles has recently appeared in the *Chicago Daily News*. It is from the pen of Mr. Duell, who has been the Berlin correspondent of that paper during the past six years, and who has now returned to Chicago.

His subject is the spirit of the German people and their reactions to the war.

As to the military and economic capacity of Germany to keep the war going he encourages no illusions. From this point of view he does not think an early collapse is to be looked for.

But, like so many other witnesses, he is impressed by the gloom of the people and by the absence of enthusiasm for the war.

He pictures a nation wearied by the nervous exhaustion of twenty years of violent experiences, culminating in the iron tyranny of Hitlerism.

THERE IS NO GAIETY, NO LAUGHTER. ALL IS DRAB AND GREY AND CHEERLESS. THE ARMIES NO LESS THAN THE PEOPLE.

He has seen much of the soldiers on their way to the front, and only once has he heard men singing.

As for the people, he says, they are "tired as few people have ever been tired without breaking down."

It is the same story as another famous American writer, Garrison Villard, told last summer when Hitler seemed carrying all before him. I make special reference to it now for this reason:—

There are two wars in the balance. Or, to put it another way, the war is being waged on two planes—the material and the moral.

And it is the war on the moral plane that will be decisive.

When the Kaiser fled and Germany collapsed in November, 1918, it was not because the war machine had suddenly broken down. It was because the nation behind the lines had broken down.

It was seized with panic at the spectre of defeat. Its nerve gave way. The panic behind reacted on the army in front, and all was over.

I do not mean by this that what happens on the material plane of the war does not react on the morale of the nation. Of course it does. But it is the nature of the reaction that decides the event.

AND IN THE LAST ANALYSIS IT IS THE MORAL RESERVES OF THE NATION THAT DICTATE VICTORY OR DEFEAT.

Now it is in this theatre of the war—the war of nerves—that we have especial ground for confidence. Nothing in the history of arms is more spectacular than the recovery of this country after Dunkirk and the fall of France last summer.

"The war in the West is over," cried Hitler when he received Pétain's request for an armistice, and he summoned his photographer to record his *pas seul* in that hilarious moment.

You have doubtless seen the amazing record. It will be immortal.

By all visible calculations Hitler was

entitled to his dance of delight. We were down and out. Nothing remained for him but a walk-over to his goal of world dictatorship.

But it was that shock that discovered the mighty moral reserves of this nation. We were not crushed by the blow.

We were awakened by it, and from that terrific moment we have never looked back. Not a major incident since that hour of fate has gone against us.

The Battle of Britain, the brilliant achievements of our Army of the Nile, the crushing blows at the jackal Mussolini which have wrecked Hitler's whole programme, the heroic deeds of Greece, the decision of the United States to back us with all its might—these are the events that have changed the landscape of the war.

ABOVE ALL—AND THIS IS MOST PERTINENT TO THE POINT—THE HEROISM OF OUR PEOPLE UNDER THE MURDEROUS ASSAULTS OF THE BARBARIANS.

They have seen their cities destroyed, their temples desecrated, their homes a heap of ruins, their loved ones, men, women and children, barbarously slain.

But every infamy, so far from shaking the soul of the people, has stung it to sterner resolution.

NEVER was this nation so sublime, so united, so invincible as in this hour.

All separations have vanished, all personal aims and interests are swallowed up in the cause of something greater than ourselves.

We know that dreadful things are ahead, but we know now that nothing that the power of hell can do will prevail against us.

These are the moral reserves on which we draw and by which we shall win. What has Hitler to put against them?

The war of nerves, even more than the war of arms, was the instrument by which he expected to overwhelm all resistance.

Instead of artillery preparation on the field of battle, his purpose, as he told Herr Rauschning, was to undermine the morale of his victim by propaganda and conspiracy within before the conflict began.

"The enemy nation," he said, "must be demoralised, ready to capitulate, reduced to complete inertia, before one should take any sort of military action."

Having scared the victim with nervous apprehension, then came the sudden Terror,

a swoop in the night from the air, and all would be over.

It was a strategy of diabolical cunning, and it had astonishing success from Prague to Warsaw, Oslo to Rotterdam, Brussels to Paris. It came within sight of the universal victory that Hitler had set out to win.

But it broke down in the battle of August and September over the Straits of Dover.

I CALLED THAT BATTLE THE MOSCOW PRELUDE TO HIS ULTIMATE WATERLOO, AND I HAVE SEEN NO REASON SINCE TO CHANGE THE OPINION.

It ended Hitler's whirlwind campaign, upset his time-table and his programme, and committed him to another strategy.

HE can no longer win by terror, and his "Haw-Haw," Goebbels and fifth column knaveries have become the mere crackling of thorns under a pot.

They are known for the liars that they are, and can do no more mischief.

Hitler is confronted with a struggle in which, more and more, he will be dependent on the capacity of his people to sustain a war of nerves.

It is, as Mr. Duell says, "a people tired as few people have ever been tired without breaking down."

Tens of thousands of its best citizens have been beaten to death or are in concentration camps with the Schuschniggs and Niemöllers.

Tens of thousands more have fled overseas and are applying all their knowledge to the destruction of the horde of blackguards who have brought Europe to chaos.

Robbed of all contact with the outside world, the nation has been fed on a diet of shameless lying that served its purpose while gangsterism was triumphant.

BUT IT IS NO LONGER TRIUMPHANT. IT IS FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE, AND IT IS FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE.

And as it fights the truth will seep into the nation.

In that hour the legend of Hitler—whose destiny, in the words of Dr. Franck, the Nazi ruler of France, is to be "the Leader of the World, unhampered by anyone"—will be seen to be the most insane and accursed bubble ever blown in the history of this earth.

We can await that hour with confidence that the story of November, 1918, will be repeated.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

THE NAAFI MYSTERY

IN the increasingly urgent demand for more careful scrutiny of war expenditure, some attention might usefully be given to the activities of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute.

This vast concern, with about four million customers a day and a yearly turnover of more than £30,000,000, undoubtedly does excellent work. JOHN BULL has paid tribute just as it has, on occasions, published complaints from men and women in the Forces.

But the staggering fact is that the public is not allowed to know anything about the finances.

So far as I can ascertain, no public balance-sheet is issued, so that not even members of the Forces, who are supposed to own the concern, know how the profits are disposed of.

Curious M.P.s have asked questions in vain, and even a Secretary for War, when pressed for information, had to reply: "I regret that the information as to turnover and expense is not available."

Hush-Hush Tactics

When Mr. E. Shinwell, the Member for Seaham Harbour, was Financial Secretary to the War Office he declared that he had "the greatest difficulty in getting information about this huge concern making tremendous profits and refusing to disclose them."

That was in peace time, when it was estimated that N.A.A.F.I.'s turnover was £10,000,000 a year.

Recently the Secretary confirmed this figure and told JOHN BULL that the profits of about £800,000 a year went back to the men and women of the Forces in various ways.

Surely it would be more satisfactory if a quarterly or half-yearly statement were published, giving some details of the exact profits and how they are being used.

If the annual profits were £800,000 before the war, they must be well over £1,500,000 now.

That's a big sum, and everyone in the

The Vanishing Stirrup-Pump

EQUIPPED with a stirrup-pump, two crooks have been calling on householders in such London districts as Brixton, Streatham, Wimbledon and Clapham, giving expert demonstrations. One of them explains that he is an official from the local council; his friend represents a firm that manufactures pumps.

They are a plausible pair, and such a sound combination of sales-talkers that householders are usually most impressed by the pump, especially as it seems to have official backing.

Rarely do the crooks leave a house without either receiving full payment for a pump, to be delivered next day, or a deposit on a pump that is to be bought by instalments.

The pump is never delivered, and the swindlers are never seen again.

To meet constant protests, N.A.A.F.I. has organised a Service of buffet cars for service men only on long-distance trains



Forces is entitled to know just what is done with it.

Some, of course, goes direct to units through their Regimental Institute Funds, used to buy extras, and most of the canteens are splendidly fitted up with dining and recreation rooms.

Then there are the performances given by E.N.S.A., which are largely paid for out of the Institute's profits, but here again there is the same close secrecy about how much these entertainments cost.

And why should there be so much mystery about the identity of the controllers of N.A.A.F.I.?

"This vast organisation, this immense co-operative society for serving men, does not," says the Secretary, "belong to the Government, nor to the War Office, the Treasury, the public. No," he adds proudly, "it belongs to the Fighting Services."

All right!

But is there a sailor, soldier or airman, or any woman in the auxiliary services who knows the name of the man or men at the top of this organisation, which they are told is theirs exclusively?

Do they know what salaries are paid to these directors and do they know the wages paid to the staff of their canteens?

If they did they would probably feel that some of the wage rates need adjusting.

Not Exactly Overpaid!

One under-manager tells me: "I am a married man and my weekly wage is £1 15s., plus 10 per cent. war bonus and board and lodging allowance, which amounts to a grand total of £2 16s. a week."

"Many of the workers are on duty approximately seventy-two hours a week."

Many men and women in the camps, if they had a voice in the running of this concern they are told is theirs, would not doubt feel it would be better to sell goods cheaper at the canteens and have less profit.

They pay just the same price as they would have to do at any ordinary shop.

N.A.A.F.I.'s reply to that is that it is sternly set against undercutting local trade.

Very laudable, but generally speaking the local trader hasn't much say in the matter. The N.A.A.F.I. canteen is the only place within reasonable distance where anything can be bought.

And all messing committees are compelled to make wholesale purchases from N.A.A.F.I., which charges full retail price, less a discount of 6 per cent.

Often goods could be bought cheaper from the nearest local dealer, but the N.A.A.F.I. monopoly is ironbound.

Potatoes, for instance, could in one case have been obtained locally at 2s a ton, but the messing committee had to pay the Institute's price of 2s.

Another anomaly is that this privileged concern has, generally speaking, no

rent to pay. Sites are provided free. Their cost comes into the millions a day the war is costing the taxpayer, including the small shopkeepers who have been hard hit by N.A.A.F.I.'s monopoly.

In view of the big profits made, another strange privilege is the use of fatigue parties at camps.

One soldier taken from his training and told to sweep out a canteen, scrub the floor and wash dishes wrote to express his indignation.

No Labour Shortage

Surely N.A.A.F.I. could employ all the workers they need. There are still some hundreds of thousands of men and women out of work.

Don't imagine for one moment that I wish to give the impression that an institution like N.A.A.F.I. is not needed. It is vital for the Forces, but clearly it is time that the whole question of its control should be looked into.

After all, the Navy, the Army and the Air Force belong to the country, and if N.A.A.F.I. belongs to the Forces, Parliament should know how it is being run and by whom.

In the last war the Army and Navy Canteens Board, from which the present organisation sprang, finished up with a surplus of £7,500,000.

Obviously too much profit was made instead of the men having the advantage of their co-operative shopping at the time they spent their money.

Each of the Services now has a welfare organisation, and if their officers took control of N.A.A.F.I. all ranks would have a say in how it should be run.

SUBURBAN HIDE-OUTS

DRIVEN from their haunts in London's West End by the air "blitz," proprietors of drinking-clubs and bottle-parties are now opening suburban hide-outs for thieves who dare not be seen in the streets.

They come out of hiding only in the black-out, these former smash-and-grab raiders, who have now become food thieves.

JOHN BULL has already described how they work in gangs, driving their lorries through the heaviest air raids to loot warehouses and shops.

They risk death to rob, yet most of them, their ages ranging from twenty to thirty-six, are dodging Army Service. And they earn good money from the stolen food receivers who guarantee to supply the gluttons with other people's rations.

In peace time these bandits lounged around down-at-heel billiards saloons and cafés, and at the beginning of the "blitz" they mingled with the crowds in the air raid shelters.

But that became too dangerous. The police made too many enquiries among young men found in shelters.

Tricks of Old-Gold Racket

LEGENDS on the shop-window explained that your old gold was worth something, gave details of "top melting prices" offered within.

Below the legend was displayed a weird assortment of junk—false teeth, watch cases, spectacle rims, blackened rolled-gold rings; silver cakestands, candelabra and tyreons.

Into the shop walked an elderly woman.

To the man behind the counter she apologetically produced a chainbag, studded with faded gems, and asked whether it was worth anything.

It had been lying about the house for years. It was tarnished and dirty. It didn't really look as though it could be worth much. Still, she was in need of money.

And so she received a ten-shilling note. But the bag was worth £150, at a low estimate. Four ounces of eighteen-carat gold, it was studded with diamonds and emeralds and bore a royal crest.

Alarmed at the discrepancy between value and buying price, and afraid the bag might have been stolen, the manager told the police, who made him advertise for the old woman, so that she might receive the money due to her.

This true story shows the evil of many of these "mushroom" Gold and Silver Buying Depots now appearing in shopping centres all over the country, only to vanish as mysteriously as they came.

These shops are taken on a month's lease. The manager pays five guineas for a Plate Licence, five shillings to register at the Business Names' Bureau, pays a signwriter to execute a slogan and buys scales, files and acids.

Yet many make a profit of thirty pounds a week exploiting a district. When trade slackens, they set up shop elsewhere.

Many use mean tricks to buy metal at half its value. They buy antiques, valuable for their craftsmanship only, by weight, offering threepence for a snuff-box worth half a guinea, have their own methods of hiding full value of gems and curios, and I advise you to offer old gold and silver only to old-established jewellers or legitimate Government melters.

Now, if a crook is married he usually maintains a London address, but is rarely to be found there. His wife is evasive when questioned about his movements; she knows all the answers, but says little.

She doesn't reveal that they have another room, well out of town, where they spend the night in comparative safety when her husband is not "out on a job."

She doesn't say anything about the back room, hidden behind a sweetshop or barber's shop, where her husband spends the day, playing cards and preparing for another haul.

She doesn't say that the London home is merely a convenience address.

The unmarried crook resorts to the suburban hide-out, where the former bottle-party manager, probably well acquainted with his gang's food hauls, has a reinforced basement that acts as a shelter club.

There is card playing, gossip and quiet drinking.

Food is provided in unlimited quantities by the thieves who use it as a shelter-home.

*I Saw for Myself**By Maurice Fagence*

BLITZFLITS!

FOURTEEN weeks ago Jim Davis, gnarled stalwart of seventy, was planting out winter cabbages in his cottage garden.

He was Growing for Victory, although there was nothing in those rural parts to remind Jim of war.

Behind his house was "the best mushroom field for twenty miles round." For two months in every year he ate so many mushrooms that he had nightmares every night.

To the left and to the right a lane ended in cottages like his own.

Fourteen weeks ago.

And now see Jim Davis's cottage.

There used to be woodbines on his pergola.

There are now Woodbines—in fives, tens and twelves—in his window.

His parlour is a tea-room.

His back garden is given over to the storage of bicycles.

I doubt whether Jim will ever know the taste of mushrooms again. They will certainly never give him nightmares.

For where the mushrooms grew a factory has grown—almost as quickly.

That is the point of this story.

* * *

Somewhere in Berlin there are square-headed Nazi officials who pride themselves that a stick of German bombs, dropped fourteen weeks ago on an industrial town a hundred miles from Jim's place, extinguished an important factory.

But all those bombs merely blew that factory into Jim's Sleepy Hollow.

The staff is there—all the happier because they go to work on bicycles instead of in tramcars, or cross the fields on foot.

Wives are there—tasting the joys of

supplies of fruit in Poland/are at the disposal of German children," said Dr. Moldenhauer, Nazi food chief at Lodz. "However long the war lasts, Germans will not starve."

There are thirty eating-houses exclusively for Germans in Lodz.

In them they receive foodstuffs "whose distribution among general consumers is out of the question."

Death penalty is imposed for fourteen offences, among them the possession of radio receivers or foreign currency, or charging more than Nazi-fixed prices.

Judges are Nazis "impregnated with the political will of the Third Reich." They sentenced two starving Polish boys to ten years' imprisonment for stealing food and clothing.

A Jew, Knochenberg, received four years for wearing a suit that "resembled" a Nazi uniform.

A Pole at Katowice received a sentence of five years' imprisonment for listening to a broadcast from abroad.

"Protecting" the Nazis

Poles who work with Germans must have their lungs X-rayed at their own expense to "protect Nazis against infection".

Poles are forbidden to ride in tramcars during rush-hours.

Jews in such cities as Cracow are not permitted to use the chief post offices.

Prisoners of war must not eat at the table of a German labourer, or even enter his living-rooms.

German girls are "so far outside the community that no punishment is adequate" if they consort with Polish men.

In one town, girls accused of this anti-Nazi behaviour had their heads shaved, and had to parade in the streets carrying sandwich-boards bearing lewd remarks about their conduct.

The New Hell of the "New Order"!

low-roofed country cottages for the first time in their lives.

The machinery is there—humming to just as good a tune as ever it did.

Also the output is there, and it is up by 11 per cent.

Now there are no such things as Magic Carpets. No Black Magic.

And Faith, which is said to move mountains, certainly won't move war factories.

Organisation performed that modern miracle.

* * *

Hear some of the men responsible.

Said the manager of the concern: "I felt sick at heart when I saw what the bombers had done. I stood dazed until a council official tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'If you go along to the Town Hall they'll tell you how to get restarted.'"

"I found that where the damage to a war plant was less than £500, Town Hall staffs are able to put things right at once."

"But this was more serious. I was told: 'A representative of the Area Board is on his way to see you.'"

"And from the moment that the representative arrived, our troubles were at an end."

Let an Area Board official take up the story.

"Twelve Area Boards in the country," he said, "maintain war production."

"When this factory was bombed, our first effort was to find suitable premises—to build them if necessary."

"I can't tell you how eagerly we search for premises—or perhaps I can with a little true story."

"Five men from five Ministries met in a country hotel."

"The Ministry of Supply man thought what a roomy place it would be for a munition factory. The Aircraft Production man saw immense possibilities in it."

"The Ministry of Food man noted the alriness and dryness of the place, pictured it stacked high with food."

"Five Government departments started to fight."

"And, I may as well confess it, Lord Beaverbrook won!"

* * *

"But to get back to this factory we have rehoused—one of very many."

"A new factory it had to be, built at top speed."

"Many valuable machine tools had been damaged. They would have been unrepairable before the war, but the Ministry of Supply was able to have them restored."

"Many machine tools had been lost."

"The national census on machine tools showed that some firms could lend their machine tools for a few hours every day."

"Machine tools, it must be remembered, are the Mother of Production."

"Soon the plant was assured."

"The Ministry of Labour had gone exhaustively into the question of staffing, and rushed men to the district as needed."

"Ministry of Health officials arranged for billets. Local council officials smoothed out a thousand knotty problems."

"The Ministry of Transport did its bit—and the factory was there."

* * *

"And so Jim Davis leans over his cottage gate and ponders over the miracle of a factory moved a hundred miles in the time it takes to build a few pigsties."

If Hitler were to multiply his air force by ten, and then attack our war production with the fury he wreaks on civilians he might dent our war machine—but he would never, never break it.



German soldiers "visit" the quarter of a Polish city now occupied only by Jews to round up a few more victims for their brutality.

Martyrs of the Slave Order

Second of a series of articles by a "John Bull" special correspondent devoted to life in European territory now occupied by Hitler's savage legions, this story, based on material smuggled out of Poland, pictures life in the FIRST CITY OF DREAD.

WITH one in four of its buildings destroyed and nine in ten scarred by bomb and gun-fire, with oppression, famine and unemployment stalking the streets, Warsaw stands stark witness to the terror that is Hitler's "New Order."

In this, the First City of Dread in all occupied countries, the Germans do not maintain even the pretence of co-operation with the population, as they do in those territories where the people are presumably considered capable of being "civilised" according to Nazi standards.

Poles are regarded as too low even for the New Order!

For them there is only a Slaver's Hell. Months of torture have not softened the sentence.

Only recently Gauleiter Greiser said: "The Poles must for ever be placed on the lower level where they belong."

This dictum of degradation was propounded by propaganda-leader Maul when he said: "If a Pole meets a German on the pavement, the Pole must step aside."

A Pole Will Turn

Maul was admitting to 30,000 persons in the Hitler Youth Park at Lodz that even a much-reviled Pole will turn.

There was defiance of the jack-boot. "Order must be restored," he added.

"Poles have become too insolent, not because they are courageous, but because Germans are so decent!"

The Nazi decree of Less Decency is directed most brutally against women. Night brings only terror to the girls of Warsaw.

That they are vanishing from the streets in incredible numbers is proved by the advertisement columns of the Nazi-controlled newspapers that Poles are still permitted to read.

Under the heading of "Missing," information is daily sought by parents, husbands, sweethearts.

The missing are almost always girls between sixteen and twenty. They are seldom traced.

When they are found, it is usually a clandestine letter or message from a

house in Germany, or a Nazi soldiers' camp, revealing their fate.

No girl goes into the city's streets after nightfall if she can help it.

Mothers keep daughters at home. It does not always save them.

Mass arrests, without warning or pretext, drag them from their homes.

Members of the Gestapo, the police, and the Selbstschutz (an organisation of local Germans) surround streets in cities of the Nazi-controlled Central Province where Poles are allowed to live as a "nation."

Men, women and children are arrested in hundreds. Boys of twelve have been shot. Twenty women were executed in a month.

Looking for Slaves

Purpose of these mass arrests is to find slave labour.

Exactly how many Poles have been transported to slavery on farms in Germany is known only to Himmler, but it is considered to be at least a million and a quarter, including 300,000 boys and girls.

These modern serfs take nothing with them that cannot be packed in a suitcase.

Jewellery or money is forbidden.

Even wedding rings have been stripped from the fingers of women crossing the frontier.

Deportees travel in appalling conditions.

Cattle get better treatment. They are more valuable to the Germans.

Most savagely treated were the million and a half Poles deported from West Poland to the Central Province after their homes had been confiscated.

Men, women and children were loaded into railway trucks, fifty or sixty to the truck.

Trucks were then sealed.

There was no food, no heating, yet journeys lasted six days when there was more than 50 degrees of frost.

When trucks were eventually opened, half the occupants in some were dead, others terribly frost-bitten.

Food and fuel famines are killing thousands of Poles.

They starve and freeze in the New Hell of the New Order, while Germans eat, drink and terrorise.

Polish children in Cracow receive only half the quantity of milk allowed to German children and to "those of other races considered to be on the same level as Germans."

"It goes without saying that the small

FISH—truth about High

★ Often you have to pay two shillings a pound for fish that cost only sixpence or less before the war.

"There must be wholesale profiteering!" declare poor mothers, who, looking at the prices on the fishmongers' slabs, have to turn regretfully away. For their benefit—and yours—a "John Bull" investigator traced every transaction in the journey of a fish from the port to the consumer's table.



Her smile isn't shared by the housewife who would like to buy that fish! But many middlemen must be smiling even more broadly as they pocket big profits

TRAWLERMEN from Iceland are making fortunes. Buyers at the ports bid against each other and force up the price. In the central markets, 5d. to 8d. a pound is quietly added.

Fish changes hands too many times. It is often sent on a sort of Cook's tour—thereby increasing transport charges.

THE WHOLE ORGANISATION OF THE TRADE IS CONFUSED, TOP-HEAVY, AND OUT OF DATE.

Come with me on a coast-to-shop inspection and you'll agree.

Naturally, the fishing ports nowadays are much quieter than in peace time, when some 9,000 steam and motor vessels brought in a catch of 1,100,000 tons a year.

To-day most of the 52,000 fishermen are mine-sweeping.

Fish supplies are only one-sixth of the pre-war total.

That, for a start, is one reason for dear prices.

Icelandic sailors who bring their catches to our ports are earning three and four times as much as in the days of peace.

Last week a thirty-two-year-old, fair-haired Iceland skipper obtained the record sum of £13,000 for his cargo.

He would have been delighted to get £3,000 for it two years ago!

Such lucky folk are spending money as if it were the deep-sea water that surges through their nets.

They buy wireless sets, fur coats for their wives and six suits at a time when they come ashore.

British trawler owners are also sharing the "boom" prices.

But they maintain that Excess Profits Tax prevents them from reaping an all-the-year harvest.

Are short supplies the only reason for increased prices?

Trawler owners say No.

"Before the war," they explain, "it cost £900 to keep a trawler three weeks at sea. To-day it costs £1,800.

"Wages have gone up 25 per cent. Insurance has risen heavily."

But, as you will see, this factor is a small one in the fantastic story of Dear Fish.

When a trawler arrives in port, samples of the various fish in its catch are spread out for the buyers.

At one port alone there are 350 buyers.

They have already been informed of the catches landed at other ports, orders and prices, when they go down to the quay.

If Birmingham is ready to pay more

for fish than London, a buyer representing a Birmingham wholesaler will offer a better price than a buyer representing a London firm. Highest bidder gets the fish.

Before the war a trawler owner would think himself lucky to get 4d. a pound for medium-quality cod on the quay.

To-day he is offered 1s. a pound and more, so the price the housewife must pay is trebled in a single transaction!

WHEN THE TRAWLER OWNER GOT 4d. A POUND FOR COD THE HOUSEWIFE HAD TO PAY 6d.—HALF AS MUCH AGAIN.

NOW THAT THE TRAWLER OWNER GETS 1s. A POUND THE HOUSEWIFE MUST PAY 2s. AND MORE, WHICH IS TWICE AS MUCH.

The buying agent, sitting in his odorous office on the quayside, will assure you that he doesn't get the difference.

"Before the war I made a farthing on every pound of fish I sent to London. To-day I am still making a farthing a pound," he affirms.

"Less fish is being caught, so my turnover is much less.

"Because my turnover is less, a smaller quantity of fish must carry the same overhead expenses—office rent, wages, and so on."

PURSUING the mysterious difference, we had better go a stage further in the process of bringing the fish to the shop slabs.

We needn't suspect the hefty young man severing cods' heads with two deft blows from a sharp knife. No excess profits in his pockets!

Next, the fish is packed into cases and trundled to the railway by "humpers."

The cases, formerly 1s. each, cost 2s. The humper is earning £4 10s. instead of £3 15s. a week. The packers are also getting more money.

Transport to London costs 6d. for fourteen pounds, a halfpenny more than before the war.

But all these increases amount to only

about 1d. a pound, so that by the time it reaches London or a provincial centre the fish is still costing no more than 1s. 1½d. a pound.

Next, in the City's central market, the white-coated wholesaler starts auctioning the load to retail fishmongers.

And here we arrive at the scene of that Big Price Mystery.

The cod costing 1s. 1½d. a pound when it reaches the central market leaves it priced at 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d. a pound!

The only transport costs incurred by the wholesaler are those of unpacking and sending by rail or road to the retailer. Yet from 5d. to 8d. a pound is clapped on to the cost!

The retailer adds 3d. for his profit, and so the housewife gets that cod at 1s. 9d. or 2s. a pound—if she can afford to pay it.

If she can't, of course, she must go without. The Government does nothing to help her get it for her family at reasonable cost.

Strangest feature of the mystery, however, is that there does not seem to be a wholesale fishmonger in a central market who knows—or, if he knows, is willing to tell—how that 5d. to 8d. a pound is added to the cost.

But he has no hesitation in talking of the risks of handling a perishable commodity, need for keeping an office and premises, rent of his auctioneer's stand or contributions to the Fish Merchants' Association.

"I am keeping open only in order to maintain contact with my clients," he declares.

The retailer grumbles:

THE NEW

HOW we all used to grumble in the old days when we couldn't get just the thing we wanted!

WOMEN BECAUSE

The butcher had not just the right joint;
The stocking shop was out of just the right shade;

The chemist could not supply just the right shade of lipstick;

The greengrocer had run out of early garden peas.

MEN BECAUSE

The garage had no anti-knock petrol;
The tobacconist could not supply the favourite cigarette;

The outfitter was out of just the right underwear;

The local pub was out of a popular bottled beer.

* * *

In other words, we complained about things that were non-essentials.

In our stupid, luxury-bemused minds we thought them necessities.

We set up standards of life and living, and did our damndest to keep to those standards.

We insisted on certain foods, certain goods, certain clothes.

We thought they were essential to happiness, to peace of mind. We believed that, in the main, contentment came from the power to achieve material well-being.

To-day most of us realise the folly of such an approach to life.

h Prices

"Why must I pay 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d. a pound for cod which I bought for 3½d. to 4d. a pound before the war? Someone is making the money!"

But, to be fair, there are other complications in the expensive career of the fish so many people would like to buy.

Some of our fishing ports are used exclusively for war purposes, but in those ports are the big curing establishments.

Fish has to be sent from newly opened ports, where there are no curing establishments, to curing factories of the old ports, hundreds of miles away!

Grimsby merchants are advertising for fish from other ports!

BUT two things are certain:

The Icelanders who are bringing the fish to our ports are earning far too much.

The buying and selling organisation for fish is hopelessly out of date and too cumbersome for dealing with the very much smaller quantities of fish now being landed.

What dear folly for hundreds of merchants to bid for a catch and thus force up the price when the fish should be equally distributed all over the country, so that all should get a fair share!

Therefore, rigid State control of supplies and prices is necessary.

Fish merchants, buyers, wholesalers and retailers must get together.

The industry to-day cannot support the volume of office, factory and other overhead expenses which it formerly carried.

Until these reforms are made the public will be unable to follow the slogan of "Eat More Fish."



WILL THE INDIAN PROBLEM BE SHELVED?

● The Government's chief weakness is that it still dodges the essential issues of the war: peace aims, its attitude towards the progressive forces in Europe, its policy over Southern Ireland, its plans for India, and definite pledges about a post-war England.

Winston Churchill has always been a diehard over India. Clement Attlee, Labour leader, still seems chained to the findings of the Simon Commission, of which he was a member.

Lord Halifax, the man more acceptable than any other person in the Commonwealth to the Indian people, was kept in the Foreign Office instead of being sent to India to find a way out.

In a friendly talk, he and Gandhi could have done a great deal.

As an alternative, Leopold Amery, Secretary for India, should have been

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

sent. He is courageous and forthright, a modern Tory, a realist.

But I am afraid that Winston's old obstinacy is the real difficulty. His hostility to the India Bill will long be remembered by the Congress Party.

CAN'T WE PLAN TO HELP YOUTH NOW?

● Britain's attitude toward young men who saved the Empire early last autumn is still among the gravest scandals.

We raise funds for pilots without whom we should have been defeated months ago.

The disgraceful attitude towards them is an exaggeration of how we are still disregarding the claims of youth.

The Old School Tie is still applauded.

All young men should have the right to compete for places in public schools which, originally intended for the poor, were stolen by those who now despise persons too poor to go to them.

A week or two ago, Arthur Greenwood was given the job of planning post-war construction.

I doubt whether anything important that he proposed would be acceptable to anti-Socialist members of the War Cabinet.

When Ernest Bevin demanded the abolition of the profit-making system in industry, he was officially reproved. Yet it is as citizens, and not as profit-makers, that the youth of to-day must be regarded.

Modern methods in war, but old-fashioned methods in peace seem to remain Cabinet policy.

DO WHITEHALL OFFICIALS SPEND TOO LONG AT LUNCH?

● Answer is that Whitehall officials spend too long at everything. Their methods are dilatory. They should be clocked in and clocked out, like ordinary working men.

There are too many Brass-Hats in Whitehall.

"Influence" has been used to find administrative jobs for young men who should be in the fighting regiments.

Walking about in the most leisurely way you see Brass-Hats whose work, I will swear after looking at them, could be done much more efficiently by well-trained clerks.

Work in Government offices was suspended during air raids long after the Government had asked the factory workers to ignore "alerts."

Brass-Hatdom must go.

Think of all the people, square pegs in round holes, being wasted at the Ministry of Information!

Frank Pick went in to sack them. It was he who went.

IS A GREAT WOMAN LEADER EMERGING?

● People belonging to strange sects send me texts to prove that a world

leader is due. Frankly, I don't believe it. Besides, we always have Nancy Astor.

The last great woman leader was Annie Besant, and no one seems to have thought much of her. She was always in trouble with the authorities.

If another great woman leader arose, she would probably be fined at Bow Street for obstruction.

Then, women don't follow women.

Whenever I have taken part in a by-election in support of a woman candidate, I knew that we started off with a handicap of 2,000 votes, those of the anti-woman women.

Joan of Arc was burned at the stake—apparently with the approval of everybody.

Miss Lind-a-Hageby is the most brilliant woman now in Britain. But I don't suppose you know much about her.

SHOULD CABINET MINISTERS CONTRIBUTE SUNDAY POSTSCRIPTS?

● I raised this point with the present Prime Minister himself. As First Lord he had made his wonderful Sunday evening radio speech only a few days before.

Meeting him in the Commons, I urged him to speak regularly on Sunday nights.

"You will be accused of pushing yourself forward," I said. "Don't pay any attention to that. You are obviously the only man able to express, to-day, the feelings of the nation."

Winston made the remarkable reply. "I have never yet mastered the art of public utterance."

Winston could not speak every Sunday. But once a month he should go on the air to tell us frankly the facts about the war just as at Glasgow, the other day, he made an impromptu speech, much needed on the Clyde.

There has been so much fuss over J. B. Priestley not doing the postscripts that he is going back. But how can Priestley say a word as quarter as important as anything that should be uttered, at the high-spot hour of the week, by members of the War Cabinet in turn?

I defended Priestley when I first heard he was to be banned for being too outspoken.

I never thought he said enough.

Because Emyln Williams made one good speech, they stupidly turned him on again. He is an actor, not a national leader.

They put back Maurice Healy, the man who told us that all was well in Flanders, when many of us in Fleet Street knew that the Army was being cut off and might not be evacuated.

This is not an hour for bedtime stories.

We want grim reminders of the urgency of our task, reminders by only the people who know the facts.

W DESIGN FOR LIVING

ARGUE IT OUT

By Pallas

Already we have learned to do without.

We live without non-essentials and we thrive.

Life from the material viewpoint is simplified. Elaborate meals have vanished.

Fussy people whose appetites had to be stimulated by long, luxurious menus find that they are fatter and happier with a limited choice of plain dishes.

Families who before the war would have shrunk in astonishment at the suggestion of giving up cars now ride on buses—and like it.

In the new design for living is more rest and fewer worries. If a thing is not available—well, there's an end of it.

If the meal ration gives out after a couple of meals—well, improved appetites can tackle with rest dishes unthought of two years ago.

Doing without is a new experience for millions of people.

That experience, willy-nilly, is developing a new-found wisdom.

The simple life—and by that I mean simplicity in mode of living, not in the worries and

anxieties that beset us—has always been the keystone of the true philosophy.

To nearly all men, at one time or another, comes a sense of disillusion and futility in the striving for material things.

In them there is a dim consciousness that life itself demands more than a constant search for possessions.

To-day we strive—or should be striving—for other things.

Thoughts turn from the non-essentials we cannot get to the greater essentials of life—human needs, the adaptation of our existence to new circumstances and new conditions.

* * *

Too easily in the past we, as a people, have been enslaved by worldly standards and what we liked to describe as our "needs."

We know now that many of those "needs" were not needs, but indulgences.

We know that much of our material standard of life in the past was mothered by social hypocrisy and fathered by vanity.

These non-essentials played the devil with some of our lives, wrecking us on the rocks of bankruptcy, worrying us, tormenting us, until life had lost its savor.

The reason for those fears is vanishing.

To-day we are all the sons and daughters of Martha, working for the real essentials of the new design for living—Freedom, tolerance, justice and lasting peace.

The Coopers meet an old friend at midnight

The Turners asked the Coopers to share their shelter. One night, after the all-clear, Mrs. Turner served Fry's Cocoa all round.

'Why can't we have this cocoa at home?' asked young Billy Cooper.

'We used to drink it during the last war,' said Mrs. Cooper, 'and now we'll have it again.'

REMEMBER, Fry's Cocoa is rich in nerve-strengthening substances, is economical in use and fills up the gaps in a war-time diet. Full of nourishment and energy. Fry's has actually come down in price since the war—and quality is unchanged.

FRY'S COCOA

RICH IN NERVE FOOD

DOWN IN PRICE • Now 5d. per 1 lb.

C.241.201140.

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A REALLY GOOD AERIAL

Don't waste time and money in experimenting—follow the experts in the first place and use a really good aerial. Aerialite Aerial Wire has been for years, and still is, used by experts and acknowledged the 100 per cent. efficient and best medium for radio reception and can be easily fitted for indoor or outdoor use. Obtainable from all radio dealers.

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7 Strand, price, 100 ft. 8/-, 75 ft. 5/-, 50 ft. 3/6, 25 ft. 1/6. 11 Strand Super: 100 ft. 6/-, 75 ft. 4/-, 50 ft. 3/-, 25 ft. 1/6. In case of difficulty post free from the manufacturers.

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(Dept. J.B.), Castle Works, Stalybridge, Cheshire

SAVES shoes protects feet!

A Dri-ped repair does both, because Dri-ped is the leather that lasts twice as long, the money-saving leather that's waterproof as well. Strenuous days, winter days, wet days—they all demand Dri-ped.

Insist on

DRI-PED Leather

for your next shoe repair

FOOD FACTS

MISS LIGHTFOOT works in a factory all day. She makes no song or dance about it, but she is doing her bit. And the thing you couldn't help noticing is that even in wartime conditions she is seldom tired, never ill, never nervy. What is it Miss Lightfoot does that perhaps you don't? She eats potatoes and carrots. So do you. But *she* eats them every day—and every day in a different way. They protect her from illness and fatigue and keep her full of vitality. They'll do just the same for you.



Carrot Sandwiches for a change

1. Add two parts of grated raw carrot to one part of finely shredded white heart of cabbage, and bind with chutney or sweet pickle. Pepper and salt to taste.

2. Equal amounts of grated raw carrot, cabbage heart and crisp celery bound with chutney or sweet pickle. Pepper and salt to taste.

3. Bind some grated raw carrot with mustard sauce, flavoured with a dash of vinegar.

4. Cook diced carrot in curry sauce until tender enough to spread easily with a knife.

All these fillings taste their best with wholemeal bread.



Our dockers don't mind risking their lives to unload your food, but if you waste it their language is something horrible!

Carrot-Cap Salad

Every woman who values her good complexion should have this salad regularly.

Cook two or three good sized potatoes in their skins. When tender, strain without drying off, to avoid making them floury. Slice and dice neatly; then dress in vinaigrette dressing (two parts of salad oil to one of vinegar, pepper and salt to taste) while they are still hot. Pile in a

salad bowl lined with a few shredded lettuce leaves or watercress. Sprinkle with a little chopped chive or rings of spring onion, and pile high with grated carrot.

Potato Floggies

These are real energy givers.

Scrub 2 potatoes and grate with a coarse grater over a bowl. Then add sufficient flour to form a batter. Season with salt and pepper. Melt a little dripping and make very hot in a frying pan. Drop the mixture into it. When brown on one side, turn and brown on the other. Serve with a little jam if you want it as a sweet dish. If you want it as a savoury, add a pinch of mixed herbs and a dash of cayenne pepper.

When you "dig for victory," grow vegetables that will store for Winter and Spring use, such as potatoes, carrots and onions.



DON'T WASTE IT

Remember to turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning for useful food tips from the radio Kitchen Front.

25

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

99 FINE JEWEL SHOPS

H. SAMUEL

THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER



Presented over a century ago the world-famous Jeweller saw the Jewellery established right in the heart of what is the largest city throughout the Kingdom. All Jewellery is made in England by the largest Jewellery. See the fine new line of your Jewellery. You'll get unexcelled quality and value, and your satisfaction or money back is guaranteed.



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A lovely finish is easily obtained with Varnene Oil Varnish Stain. Gives such a hard-wearing high gloss.

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VARNENE

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonizing attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a box of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket. Also family sizes. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY



He watched the office-boy sort the mail and take it round to the various desks, tap the last lot into a neat pile and take it into the boss's office . . .

POSTAL DELAY

BENNY walked and walked and walked, until he was sick of walking. Then he made up his mind, posted his letters in the box at the corner of Hoghead Lane—and walked.

A good walk, too, it was now. It was all the way home. A matter of three or four miles.

His supper was ready for him when he reached home—and with it a letter, propped up against his half-pint bottle of dinner ale. Benny picked up the letter and slit the flap. The letter was from the boss.

"Well!" said Benny.

The boss, as he pointed out in the letter, was a man of few words. But it did not follow that because he said little he knew nothing. He knew most of it.

He knew, although he had never said so, that Benny for some time had rapidly been making a position for himself as one of the cornerstones in the office. And that was appreciated.

Being a man of a few words, the boss was no good at making speeches—even little ones. So he was writing instead, to say that from next week on Benny's salary would be increased by one pound a week.

"Well! ! ! " Benny gasped. "Can you beat that?"

And he left his supper untasted—and even the seal over the cork of his half-pint of dinner ale unbroken.

He went to bed . . . and swore at the ceiling all night.

It was obvious the following morning that the boss was not to all men a man of a few words.

It was obvious to Benny that the boss had talked to somebody and that somebody had talked to somebody else.

All the staff agreed to know.

They came along in ones and twos to congratulate Benny.

"Grand, old man! You'll be given a branch to yourself one of these days! You'll finish up as the head of the firm!"

Benny half nodded, and gave a sickly sort of smile. The rest of the fellows couldn't understand it. Benny looked as if he wanted to burst into tears.

"Cheer up!" they said. "Hang it! Benny, you don't get a pound rise every day."

"No," Benny admitted. "No. Quite true."

And looked more than ever as if he wanted to

burst into tears.

Presently he had a quiet word with Goodman, his particular pal in the office.

"The mail in yet, old man?"

"I don't think so," said Goodman. "It gets later every day. War delays."

"Yes," said Benny.

"Still, the mail isn't your department."

"No," said Benny.

"Cheer up!" said Goodman.

Twice in half an hour they'd said that! Cheer up! It only seemed to make Benny more depressed than ever, and that was a puzzle to Goodman.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"No," said Benny.

But Goodman knew better. There was something wrong, and seriously wrong. Benny's manner was not that of a man who had been singled out from the whole staff for special praise, and who, when cuts were the order of the day all along the line, had suddenly been given a pound a week rise.

Goodman couldn't understand it.

He began to watch Benny. Benny's eyes were never on his job, but all the time on the door. Whenever it opened

his pen stood still. Even at this distance his brow looked damp. To Goodman it was a real mystery.

Presently the postman called and the office-boy took in the mail.

There was a frown over Benny's startled eyes. He watched the office-boy sort the mail and take it round to the various desks, tap the last lot into a neat pile and take it into the boss's office. . . .

And come out again.

"What on earth," thought Goodman, "is the matter with Benny? He's like a man waiting for the hangman to come in."

And now Benny looked exactly like that. His eyes had switched from the main office door to the door of the boss's room. He was waiting all right; you could tell.

TEN minutes later the boss came out of his private room and strode down the office. Benny looked positively sick. The boss stopped beside his desk and had a word with him—a cheerful word. Then went on.

Goodman heard a deep sigh come from Benny.

It was the same in the afternoon. Benny did scarcely any work at all. He sat watching for the arrival of the postman, and then he sat watching the disposal of the mail, and then he sat waiting. . . .

Just before six that evening he had another word with his friend Goodman.

"The mail is delayed for hours sometimes, isn't it?"

"Days," said Goodman. "Since the blits some letters seem to go half-way round the world before they reach where they're meant to be."

"Oh, dear!" said Benny.

"What?" said Goodman.

"I didn't speak," said Benny, blushing, and although he usually walked most of the way home with Goodman, that night it was obvious he preferred to be alone.

"I wonder what he's done?" thought Goodman.

The next morning Benny was in no better state.

He was, indeed, very much worse. Jumpy. He looked as if he hadn't slept.

The arrival of the postman, morning and afternoon, appeared to fill him with a mild variety of terror.

He began to haunt the desk where the mail was handed in, until the office-boy took to staring at him in wonderment, which drove him back to his own desk and seemingly even deeper misery.

On the third morning his nerves were no better. He stopped at Goodman's desk.

"I suppose," he said, "letters get lost altogether sometimes."

"You often begin to think so," Goodman replied; "but you'd be surprised. I heard of one case the other day—a letter which took twenty-five days to get from one side of London to the other. But it got there in the end."

"Hell!" muttered Benny.

"What?" said Goodman.

"Nothing," said Benny, and walked away.

But it was something, all right, and something connected with a letter. What was more—something connected, not with a letter to Benny, but with a letter to the firm. H'm. . . .

Things went on for a week or so. Or, rather, they went down. Benny did not remain in a state of nerves. He fell each day into a worse state of nerves. And at last Goodman decided that something would have to be done about his friend.

"I'm walking home with you to-night," he said.

"But . . ."

"I'm walking home with you to-night!"

"Oh!"

And so it was. And, walking home with Benny, Goodman suddenly said:

"Come on—out with it!"

Benny was a long time putting it into words, but he succeeded haltingly at last.

"I'm glad you've forced me to speak, old man."

"I couldn't stand the suspense much longer."

"Suspense?"

"I never realised," Benny hurried on, "that the boss had any good opinion of my abilities. He never said, I've slaved for the firm for years, but nobody seemed to take any notice. I'd begun to think nobody ever would. I'm getting too old to start with another firm. I suppose I became bitter."

"Well?"

"Well, I wrote and told the boss what I thought of him. I must have been mad. I don't know. . . . It's over a week ago. I went for a long walk, saying 'Shall I post it or shall I not?' I posted it. Somewhere in the city. At the corner of Hoghead Lane."

"And when I got home—there was a letter from the boss, full of nice things, and prospects for the future, and the— the rise he's given me."

Goodman whistled.

"So you see," said Benny, "the suspense is terrible. The moment that letter turns up I'm finished. I didn't care when I wrote it. I didn't seem to have any future at all. But now. . . ."

"You couldn't . . . get at the letter first and stop it?" Goodman suggested.

"I've been trying that. But the office-boy stares. He suspects something. It's—wearing me out. If you know what I mean. It may be, in these times, weeks before the letter arrives. It's hell!"

To which Goodman could say nothing.

NEXT day Goodman went up the office steps three at a time. He was smiling. He stopped at the door. Over at his desk Benny sat, his head bent over a newspaper.

Goodman tossed his hat on a hook and crossed to Benny's desk.

"I say, old man," he whispered.

Benny looked up, and Goodman was surprised to see that he was smiling, too.

"It doesn't matter now!" he said.

"How—"

Benny pointed to the newspaper. His finger was on the solution of a cross-word puzzle.

"No reader of this paper has ever got it right," he said. "Ever! I've tried every week for over three years. But I've got it right this time, and it's a thousand-to-one chance that I'm the only one."

"I'm putting in my claim by the next post. A thousand pounds, Goodman, old boy! A thousand pounds! So if that ghastly letter does turn up now. . . ."

"It won't," said Goodman.

"Won't?"

"I had a walk round there last evening. On the night you posted your letter to the boss that pillar-box at the corner of Hoghead Lane was bombed to dust."

"Hell! ! ! " groaned Benny.

"Hell?" said Goodman.

"I posted my cross-word entry in the same box at the same time. Hell! ! ! !"

Goodman looked at his shaken friend. Benny looked as if he wanted to burst into tears.

By WILL
SCOTT



TO-DAY I FEEL FINE!

Perhaps you, too, felt awful last night — all out of sorts. And today you feel no better. Well, you can soon be feeling fine if you take some Beechams Pills. They are the Golden Rule of Health for millions — gentle, natural, always effective and reliable.

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If you suffer from Rheumatism, Get up Night, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dimness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, or any Chemist, 1/3, 2/- and 6/- (Plus Tax) on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

LONDON LULLABY



1. I am a draughtsman in a "hush-hush" department. One night I stayed late and got back to my digs to find I wasn't allowed in — time-bomb near. Dead tired, I dragged myself to my cousin Jack's.



2. Jack's family were in their cellar shelter. He kept turning on the light. His wife Mary made endless cups of tea. And the children were restless. I slept but I didn't get much good out of my sleep.



3. I felt fit for nothing in the morning and it took me over an hour to get to the office, standing the whole way, first in the long queue at the bus-stop and then in the bus itself. I wasn't so fresh when I arrived.



4. I couldn't do my work as well as I should. I didn't blame the chief when he said I wasn't exactly helping to win the war. "What shall I be like after months of this?" I wondered.



5. Johnson, at the next drawing board, gave me a tip. "What you want, old boy," he said, "is 1st Group Sleep. There are 3 Sleep Groups and 1st Group Sleep is the kind we all need. You want to take Horlicks."



6. That night at Jack's we all had hot Horlicks, and we had it every night after that. The kids couldn't get enough of it and we all felt the good it was doing us. I wasn't even wakened by Jack's snoring!



7. I am a new man now. I am fitter than I have been for a long time. I don't mind the journey to the office and the chief says that if there were more like me — well, Hitler would throw in the towel!

**THERE ARE
THREE SLEEP GROUPS**
SCIENTISTS divide us into 1st, 2nd and 3rd Group Sleepers. The last group are wakeful, can't get to sleep. Group No. 2 may sleep 8 or 9 hours, yet wake still feeling tired. Only Group 1 sleepers get the deep, refreshing, restorative sleep we need to-day.
A cup of hot Horlicks last thing at night will give you 1st Group Sleep. It will help you to take the second year of the war in your stride. Prices from 2/-; the same as before the war. At all chemists and grocers.

HORLICKS

Fortify your KIDNEYS



"Every Picture tells a Story."

Under present conditions most people are easy victims to kidney complaints. Overworked and weary greatly increase the work of nature's filters. If they become congested and slacken, harmful impurities remain in the system and are carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body, setting up

DETOXIC, URINARY AND BLADDER TROUBLES, LUMBAGO, GONORRHOIC PAIN, CUTTING UP AT NIGHT, URINAL DROPS, SWELLING JOINTS

Don't wait to be laid up! Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine gives sluggish kidneys the help they need, cleansing and stimulating them to renewed activity and health. You can rely upon Doan's. They have helped thousands. Why not you?

1'S, 3'S, 5'S (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

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keep dogs fit

"SILF"

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BUST... 8 inches
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Grateful lady says —

"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 11st. to 8st. 11lb. My measurements were: — Bust 42 ins., Hips 42 ins. and Waist 34 ins. Now my measurements are: — Bust 34 ins., Hips 34 ins., and Waist 25 ins., so you can see the marvellous difference." Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6 per box (including Postage Free), or post free by sending the order to: — **SILF CO., LTD.** (Dept. 201) 25, BARNARD STREET, LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to India.) No proprietary rights claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

Voice of the people

A NYBODY who believes that snobbery and selfishness will disappear through this war should stand on the road from Eccles to Radcliffe, where there is one 'bus an hour—a single-decker—usually crowded when the worker wants it most.

Then let him wave to private motorists for a lift.

Small car owners will often oblige, but he will find that most of the large, expensive, luxury cars with one opulent-looking occupant will go sweeping by.—W. Bradley, Hilltop Avenue, Whitefield, Manchester.

"John Bull" does not question reader Bradley's statements, but we think many pedestrians wanting a lift do not give the motorist a chance. Signal him when he is hundreds of yards away especially on greasy roads. You increase his difficulties if you seek a lift when he is gliding down or toiling up a steep hill.

Do Be Reasonable

Seeing that a JOHN BULL reader complains about the speed at which his retailer demanded purchase tax, I would like people to view the matter from the other side of the counter.

All goods delivered to retailers after October 31 last became automatically subject to the tax.

The retailer had to pay the tax to the wholesaler "on the nail."

This has imposed serious hardship on many of them. Unless they have surplus capital, and few have, their plight will be serious for some time.

I do wish people would realise that when the retailer asks for purchase tax he is only asking for the return of money he advanced to the Government at a moment's notice, interest free, on their behalf.—Retailer's Wife, Spottiswoode Road, Edinburgh.

They'll Catch It!

Oh, this worship of landowners! I have had several leaseholds destroyed by bombs.

Under the coming Insurance Act, I shall have to pay two shillings in the pound on Schedule "A," and a further £100-£200 on each house to subsidise the pre-war value when the time comes to rebuild.

The ground landlord, the man who is interested only in the site, has nothing to pay.

But I have to pay him rent for ground that is utterly useless to me until the houses can be rebuilt.—George J. Cox, Cedar Cottage, Fetcham, Leatherhead. The ground landlord will have to pay his share. We have heard something about an amendment, because the owner of land is worshipped far too much.

Doing Very Well

There are seventy houses in my road. The six boys who have left us for the Services have received from the residents £6 10s. each in the last twelve months, plus 10s. each special Christmas collection.—C. Downes, Ashbourne Road, Bolton Park Road, Birmingham.

They're All Heroines

Enough has been written and said about the "brave women" who are working, at good wages, in factories with adequate shelters and canteens.

The real heroine of this war is the

mother maintaining her children on an inadequate wage, and doing her best for them.—A. Race, Southey, Crescent, Sheffield.

JOHN BULL takes off his hat to these mothers, but we won't sneer at our women munition makers. Consider their hours, their pay, every other detail—and we say the job wouldn't attract them if it wasn't for the absolute necessity of beating Hitler.

Another Goering?

"Goering," says the book I have just been reading, "was a dissolute and swaggering soldier of fortune who had won some undeserved military reputation."

The book was 300 years old! The Goering referred to was the commander of an important garrison in the Civil War of those days.

Was he an ancestor of our fat friend? —F. Wood, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

Ready for Anything

Silly to castigate the public for not carrying gas masks.

Not once in this war has a gas mask been of any use to anybody in any country.

Why should Jerry bother about gas when explosives and incendiaries achieve



Mr. Montagu Norman should know that although the Bank of England, of which he is Governor, has millions of money, this isn't the time to squander it

WE are being asked to save as much as possible and not to waste.

I represent a company which has ceased to transact further business owing to the war.

As we recover our capital, we take out 2½ per cent. National War Bonds in lots of £500 each.

We have just received the accrued interest from the Bank of England, to August 31, and for each £500 we have received a separate interest voucher, under separate cover, and each bearing a 2½d. stamp.

As we have some thousands of pounds so invested, and will have more, the waste is considerable.

What the waste must be over the country as a whole can be guessed.—E. N., Frestwich.

more certain and devastating results?—George Trueman, Alexandra Villas, Brighton. Why bother about siege guns when we haven't been besieged? Point is that anything might happen in war.

A Woman's Job

We appoint a man as Food Controller, yet it is a woman's job.

The man may buy the food, but it has been the woman who has had to spend the money to best advantage throughout the centuries.

Her training fits her for the job.

What a strange thing that, in these days of the emancipation of women, the war job that best befits a woman goes to a man!—Mrs. S. K. Tolley, Crickdale Street, Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

Get Those Glasses

Authorities are foolish to go on pleading with those who won't hand over their binoculars, for the response has admittedly been poor.

Go to the places where they are to be found—the racecourses—and requisition them.

Let the people have them who really want them.—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

Ministry of Supply have requisitioned thousands of binoculars already, but it points out that racing men have been most generous. It would like every pair used on racecourses, and wishes somebody prominent on the Turf would make a special appeal.

Evacuation Not New

Evacuation—in view of war dangers—is not new. Every county had its evacuation plans at the time we were threatened with invasion by Buonaparte.

The papers concerning Devonshire's plans are still in existence.

People and cattle were to trek over Dartmoor into Cornwall if Napoleon effected a landing in one direction—if in another, over the Somerset marshes of Sedgemoor.—E. Radcliffe, 91, Lowerhouses Lane, Lowerhouses, Huddersfield. Other counties have preserved their ancient evacuation plans. Lists of owners of vehicles were compiled, and drivers were told where to congregate to help the exodus. But this type of last-minute evacuation, responsible for the over-running of Holland, Belgium and France, wouldn't do for us in these "stay put" days.

Those Wasted Months!

Here is a story of official slowness:

When war began, the secretary of our allotments association, Mr. Milton Burnbank, saw a field that hadn't been cultivated for 100 years.

The owners, a colliery company, were prepared to lease it at an absolutely nominal sum if he could persuade the local council to divide it into plots and let it out as allotments.

He had to interview the Deputy Town Clerk twenty-five times, the Bailie fifteen times, other people eleven times, to get his way.

Soon the plot will be blooming—but oh, the waste of precious months!—William Simpson, Dunlop Crescent, Hillpark, Bothwell, Glasgow.

From the Ranks!

That absurd belief that public schoolboys make the best officers and that the others, in the main, are "unfit to lead" is not confined to one man.

The present system of education was entirely unknown when the world produced its greatest generals.

And the might of Britain was created before public schools as we know them to-day had their start.—S. Bryant, Uxbridge Road, W.

Sacrificing Looks

Working in a beauty shop, I can tell the Government that restrictions on the

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manufacture of rouges, creams and similar preparations have had the following effect:—

Sixpenny lines extremely short—some makes unprocurable.

Two shilling to five shilling lines slightly scarcer.

Expensive luxury lines hardly affected.

From a woman's point of view—and remembering that one of the last things a woman wants to surrender is her looks—this is hardly equality of sacrifice.—G. B. D., Chelsea.

Millionaires to Them

I was compelled to leave my house on the East Coast and then—being unable to take my furniture away—compelled to pay rent on it, although it was unoccupied.

Finally it was requisitioned by the military.

I am still compelled to pay rates six months in advance, although the military authorities insist on paying the meagre "rent" due to me at the end of each quarter.

There's no doubt that civilians are considered by officialdom to be a vast army of Rothschilds.—E. W., Cardiff.

About that £1 a Week

Ministry of Labour says enquiry shows the average working-class family to be spending £4 6s. 3d. a week.

As the "average working-class family" has rarely any big surplus to throw about, I am wondering still more how so many old couples manage to exist on £1 a week old-age pension.—J. H., Croston Street, Bolton.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscionable humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"... sentenced to penal servitude for looking during a raid on B—."

FAIRLEY AND RENFREWSHIRE GAZETTE:—"A CHILL, for instance, who suffers from an extreme degree of myopia (or short sight) will be unable to participate in either lessons or games at school."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"In truth was Lord Craigavon Ulster's man of granite. He never SUGGLED from his complete loyalty to Britain."

AUTOCAR:—"The whole object of brakes is to turn the energy of the car, produced by heat in the cylinders, into heat in the friction linings and brake drums."

EVENING NEWS:—"He assisted in the destruction of an enemy bomber which was attacking an ENEMY aerodrome in the falling light at dusk."



A Smile that's worth while

A real Odol Smile is almost a National Asset these days. Don't take any chances with it. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning

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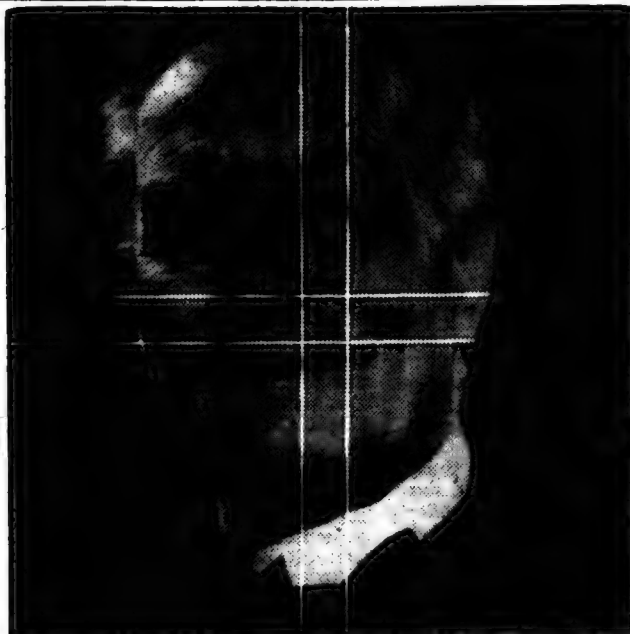
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Mazda Electric Co.

111, North Bridge Road, Singapore.



"No, Master David..."

delighted as I am to see you home on leave, I cannot say I like the aroma of your tobacco. If you will forgive the liberty, Sir, I would respectfully suggest that you throw it away. His Lordship has never approved of artificially flavoured tobacco. In fact, I've heard him say that only naturally matured tobacco is fit for a gentleman to smoke. That — and the fact that I recommended it — is why he smokes Four Square, the purest of pure tobacco and far too good to need any artificial flavouring."



FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING
8 DIFFERENT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH
PRICES FROM 1/6½ TO 1/10½ PER OUNCE



Four Square Cigarettes — 1/6 for 20

PR12

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To conserve metal supplies, Four Square smokers are asked to be good enough to return empty tins to their tobacconist.

HOW I PUT ON POUNDS

A Typical
IRVONA
Figure



In a month I had put on 25 lbs. Read this letter:—"Until a few months ago I was scraggy and weak. I tried dieting, exercise and patent foods, but without success. After repeated failures I tried Irvena, and the result was astounding. In a month I put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists.

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What do I do...

to guard my
children against
diphtheria?

I take advantage now of the Ministry of Health's plan for inoculating the children free. I remember that war-conditions (especially in winter) mean grave risks for the youngsters, and that inoculation gives almost complete protection. So I apply right away for details to my Local Authority, or to the Medical Officer of Health in my district, to the School Medical Officer, or to a Child Welfare Clinic.

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by the Brewers' Society



RUB IN
Snowfire
TABLET
TO HEAL ROUGH
CHAPPED HANDS

4d

Family size 0/4.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pint of bile juice flows from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 25 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/5 and 3/5.



"I held Black Prince with the bunch, but when I gave him his head he nosed out the second favourite as he was breathing on the wire"

GUSSIE GETS THE GATE

I SHALL always feel grateful to Gussie Gubelstein, despite the fact that he had a face like a gargoyle and a heart as small and mean as his body was big and fat.

Gussie's job was making a book, but he made his real dough by bribing jockeys and trainers into telling him what was having a go and what wasn't.

Now, when Gussie looked me up one morning, the sight of his big, ugly head made me as cheerful as a guy whose mother-in-law has come to stay the week-end.

He gleamed like a fat, overstuffed dowager. Diamonds sparkled on his pudgy fingers; gleamed on his shirt-front.

"Listen, Jimmy," he said, confidentially. "You're a nice little fellow, but you're lacking brains. Why don't you work with me and make a real clean-up?"

"No takers, Gussie," I said. "It doesn't pay."

"Nonsense," retorted Gussie. "You don't work in the right way. Just put yourself in my hands and you're in the money. Get something we can have a real bet on and we'll pick up £50,000."

I didn't know what Gussie's big idea was. I merely said: "O.K. Let me think it over."

Party in Style

Weeks passed before I saw Gussie again. He was in the Café Royal throwing a party for his pals, and doing it in style—caviare, champagne, cigars.

I wasn't feeling too happy. I'd been taking a knock at baccarat, and dough was scarce.

Gussie threaded his way through the tables and sat down beside me.

"I've been wanting to talk to you for weeks, Jimmy," he beamed.

"Shoot," I said. "I'm listening."

Gussie leaned towards me. "That horse that won at Newmarket the other

day," he whispered. "You know the one I mean?"

I knew all right. It was Black Prince, on which I had won a two-mile handicap and which was entered for another handicap race.

"He looks like winning that, too," said Gussie.

His judgment was sound. Black Prince was one of the best mounts I had ever had, and had a fine chance of winning.

"You're right, Gussie," I admitted. "He'd win if he were left at the post."

The Weights

Gussie, in response to signals from his pals, rejoined the party. "We'll have another talk when the weights are out," he said as he strolled away.

Black Prince got seven stone three, which made him a certainty. He began as 8 to 1 favourite in the ante-post betting and was soon down to four.

One morning, a fortnight before the race, Gussie dropped in to see me. I was still in bed.

"It's this Black Prince of yours," he said. "I stand to lose a packet on him. But not if you're prepared to talk turkey, Jimmy." He watched me narrowly, rolling the cigar in his mouth.

I gazed at him sleepily, although my brain was alert enough.

"Let's get this straight, Gussie," I suggested. "Do you mean I should stop the horse?"

Gussie favoured me with a fishy stare. "That's the ticket," he nodded. "It will be worth your while."

I would have liked to put one hand on Gussie's fat neck and the other on the seat of his trousers and propel him out of the door. But I restrained myself. I was still using my head.

"How much?" I demanded.

"Two thousand pounds," he replied, "and it should be easy money. A lot of things can happen to a horse in a race like the Cesarewitch."

★ Continuing **TALES OF THE TURF**, a jockey tells "John Bull's" racing correspondent why it was that he had a sudden desire to go tiger-shooting with a friendly Rajah. But there was nothing else for it because many racing men don't always appreciate an unexpected victory . . .

"And to the jockey, too," I said drily. "Make it three thousand—cash—and you're on."

Gussie gave a joyous whoop, and slapped me on the back.

"There, I knew you'd see reason," he gloated. "When do you want the money?"

I bent on Gussie a quiet but sparkling eye. "I want the dough now. On no account after the race."

Now or Never

Gussie started to writhe like an electric fan. But I stopped all protests. "Save your breath, Gussie. It's now or never. N . . . O . . . W!"

Gussie pulled out the fattest wallet I have ever seen in my life. It was crammed with £100 notes. Gussie peeled off thirty, and tossed them across to me. I knew then that I could have had fifty if I hadn't been such a damned fool.

Gussie's teeth came together with a snap. In his eye was a nasty glint, and in his voice was a cold, hard note.

"Remember," he grated, "no double-cross. Only one man ever tried to do that, and my boys beat him up so badly that he was in plaster of paris for months."

I felt a cold chill somewhere in my stomach. I had seen men beaten up before, and it wasn't a pleasant sight.

But I fought my funk and told the whole story to Black Prince's trainer—a swell guy, who had always proved himself a friend in need.

He rocked with laughter. "Don't tell me you caught that fellow. And for how much? Three thousand! Ho! ho! this is the funniest story I've ever heard."

Frankly I wasn't enjoying the joke as much as Jack, but I was willing to do whatever he suggested. It was his idea to teach Gussie a costly lesson. I contacted two of my punters. I told them I wanted £3,000 on Black Prince, but to wait a week, when the horse would have dropped out of the market a bit.

When the price had dropped to sevens my punters stepped in. They had no trouble in laying, for the word had gone round that there was something wrong with the horse.

Gussie himself laid them twenty-one thousand to three, and doubtless felt bucked. He still had the horse at sevens when the other bookies were offering sixes, and doing a roaring trade at that.

In a Panic

On the Monday before the race Gussie came to my flat. He seemed in a bit of a panic.

"There's too much money on this horse of yours," he said savagely. "Right now I stand to lose £75,000. If this is a double-cross I'll flay you alive."

I saw that Gussie had to be humoured. "You amaze and wound me, my dear man," I told him. "Do you think I'm crazy to try anything like that with you?"

Gussie looked relieved. "See you don't," he said. "I've got the numbers of those banknotes, you know."

I laughed as he closed the door. For if there was one person who would not go to the Jockey Club it was Gussie. Nor to the police, for that matter.

Black Prince arrived at the meeting fit to run for all our lives. Jack told me that Gussie was still peppering him, and as I climbed into the saddle one of Gussie's men came up and whispered, "It's all right, isn't it, Jimmy?"

"Sure thing," I replied—which Black Prince certainly was. There was a big field and the usual trouble at the barrier. At the start I held Black Prince

with the bunch. Then I gave him his head, and he nosed out the second favourite just as he was breathing on the wire.

I had made it close in case I had to alibi to Gussie, and much of the punch was taken out of the victory by the thought of having some day to face his bullies.

But when I reached the paddock Jack was waiting for me. He chuckled like the last drop of water going down the drain of a bath.

"You did it, Jimmy," he gloated, "you did it. Let me be the first to congratulate you on a noble victory and a highly profitable investment."

He handed me a long envelope with a knowing look.

"Your steamship tickets," he explained. "I thought you might have some little friction and unpleasantness from Gussie and his thugs, so I took the liberty of cabling a Rajah friend of mine. He's invited you for the tiger-shooting."

"If you catch to-morrow's boat you'll just be able to make it. . . ."

NEXT WEEK: *Henry Takes the Plunge*

Readers Acclaim "John Bull's" 1941 War Time Security Gift

JOHN BULL's recent announcement of its Great War Time Security Gift for 1941 has created a constant stream of letters from registered readers who, in no unstinted terms, praise JOHN BULL for its courageous but characteristic attitude.

As proof of the practical value of this unique Scheme, this week alone JOHN BULL has distributed to registered readers or their dependants no less than £2,150 in benefits.

JOHN BULL offers absolutely free to all readers an Insurance Policy—underwritten at Lloyd's—against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

The scheme, which is gigantic in its scope, applies to all civilian readers without restriction, including Wardens, Home Guards, Spotters, A.P.S., Fire Watchers, Police, etc.

While providing this vital War Time protection for its readers, JOHN BULL has not forgotten the common everyday perils. In addition to its War Time Security Gift JOHN BULL provides comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against Fire, Storm, Flood, Burglary, etc.

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

● *Somebody once wrote that "For one that big misfortunes slay, Ten die of little worries." An overstatement, perhaps—and perhaps not.*

But why worry, anyhow? Whatever your trouble, you can ease your mind by telling us about it. What is more, we will advise you on any matter—other than medical—you may care to submit to us.

We have a number of experts in their particular subjects, and you have our assurance that no enquiry is too big or too small to receive attention at our hands.

No charge is made for advice. Write to JOHN BULL's Free Advice Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and send a stamped addressed envelope with your enquiry.

more AMAZING CASES OF **Germolene** Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT SKIN HEALING MAGIC

ECZEMA

Result Was Marvellous

"I have suffered with Eczema for a number of years," reports Mrs. L. London, N.Y. "The irritation, at night especially, was a torture until I tried **GERMOLENE**. The result was marvellous. The Eczema has vanished."



WOUNDED ARM

Well in a Week!

"A few weeks ago I had the misfortune to have my arm caught in a gate," says F.G.C. "As the wound got worse, a customer advised **Germolene**. In one week the arm was well again."



LEG ULCER

Now Healed

"I had been suffering for a long time with an ulcer on my shin," writes J. M. of Ipswich. "My leg was red, raw and my foot badly swollen. **GERMOLENE** was a God-send to me. My leg is healed."



GREAT HEALING OFFER

Whatever your Skin Trouble... **Germolene** WILL Heal It Clean! Prove it to-day. Get a 1/5 tin and use all the contents. If not satisfied return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester. Your money will be refunded in full. Sold Everywhere, 7d., 1/6, 1/2 and 1/3 Per Tin. Including Purchase Tax.

THIS way you never get COLD FEET

When you are chilled all over by feet like blocks of ice—beware! Don't stand the misery—and the danger—a day longer. Cold, numb feet are a sure sign that your vitality is low, your circulation sluggish. You cannot get warm. That's when winter ill gets you.

The way to keep feet warm is to keep your blood moving. Bad circulation is the root of the trouble. That's why chilblains come. Put Simpson Iodine Socks in your shoes and feel the comfort—in 3 minutes! In contact with your feet Simpson Socks give off iodine vapour. Through the pores of your foot it enters your blood stream, stimulates circulation and keeps feet toasty warm, sitting or standing, day or night.

Genuine Simpson Brand Socks (see you get them) cost only 1/6, inc. Purchase Tax, from Chemists. If difficulty post free on receipt of price from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. X-9), Bartlett's Passage, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Would you like a Free Laboratory Sample of a New Foot Bath Powder containing actual Seaweed? Just send a postcard.



END THOSE TORMENTING PILES

If you suffer from piles (haemorrhoids) with constant pain, itching and swelling, you'll find wonderful relief in **Zam-Buk** Ointment. The refined herbal oils soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles.

In addition to **Zam-Buk** Ointment for external piles you can now obtain **Zam-Buk** soluble Suppositories for inward use.

Zam-Buk

OINTMENT AND SUPPOSITORIES

Why is it Healthier to be SLIM

THE slender woman is more energetic, more confident, less liable to ills. Such slenderness—and the bright eyes, clear skin, and radiant health that go with it—is assured by taking **Bile Beans** regularly at bedtime.

Just a couple of these fine vegetable pills each night and you'll "slim while you sleep." They safely remove fat-forming wastes, helping the figure to attain and retain that longed-for slenderness.

So start slimming to-day with the aid of **Bile Beans**. Your health, your complexion and figure will noticeably improve, and you'll feel more alert and vital.



I know of nothing to equal **Bile Beans** for keeping one fit, full of vitality and in radiant health. They also prevent formation of surplus fat—a great consideration to every woman."—Mrs. G. D. Ipswich.

BILE BEANS

Improve Your Health, Your Figure and Vitality

The FRIENDLY CLUB

solves War-time
Shopping Problems
YOU CAN LEAD IT!

HERE'S the way to lift the burden
of war off your shoulders—to
make **MONEY AND FRIENDS**—
and create a profitable new hobby.

Run a Littlewood Shilling Club.

It will bring you a **SURE, REGULAR, EASY SPARE-TIME INCOME**—extra money to buy the things you and your family will be needing. More than that, it will bring you happiness—the happiness of keeping old friends and making new friends, of gaining their trust and esteem.

No stock; no deposit; no 'canvassing.' You can form a Littlewood Club with as few as 20 Members.

Send for the Littlewood 218-page Catalogue of splendid Bargains, and see how easy it is! With the Catalogue you will get a complete outfit of

stationery, and full particulars of the fine **COMMISSION, BONUSES** and **Postage Allowance**. There's a 10/- Free Gift (worth almost double) directly you start your Club, and extra Gifts for extra Clubs!



INVITATION COUPON-Free

I would like to try my hand at forming a Littlewood 1/- Club, and I think I can get 20 or more Members. Please send me your Catalogue and full particulars. I am over 21 years of age.

Name (in full)

Address

Town

County

Post in unopened envelope (2d. stamp) to:

Littlewood 1/- Clubs, One Main Building, Liverpool, 2.

Littlewood 1/- Clubs

Littlewoods Mail Order, 100-110, Directors, John Moore, (Gen. Mgrs.)

SMOKERS' 'FUR' IS IT RUINING YOUR TEETH?

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES. Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION RESULT

In the above Competition, which appeared in the December 21 issue of "John Bull," correct solutions were received from several Competitors who in each Section share the award of £20 offered in each of the three Sections.

SECTION 1.

E, D, F, B, C, A, G.

14 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 2.

C, D, E, B, G, F, A.

17 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 3.

C, A, F, G, B, E, D.

4 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of the names and addresses of the winners can be seen at "John Bull" office. All have been notified and cheques have been despatched.

WHY COUGH ALL NIGHT THIS WINTER?

WHEN YOU CAN OBTAIN PROMPT RELIEF AND COMFORT WITH THE "SHADFORTH" BRAND CHEST AND LUNG TONIC.

A reliable remedy, prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients. Ask for the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic.

Shadforth's Prescription No. 525.

Prices, including Tax, 1/11 (trial size), 2/6, and 3/11, from your nearest Chemist, or packed privately, by post 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6 from Shadforth's.

FREE TRIAL OFFER (By Post only) —

For a limited period only we will send readers of this paper who have not tried this remedy TWO Trial size bottles for 1/6. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/6 to-day with this Coupon cutting for "Shadforth's" Lung Tonic (No. 525) to SHADFORTH'S PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD., Dept. J.B.20, 61, Grove Road, Epsom, S.S.

HUMANIST PASSES ON THE ADVICE OF A DARBY AND JOAN WHO ARE NOT AFRAID TO SAY THEY HAVE LIVED HAPPILY TOGETHER FOR FIFTY YEARS

Fifty Years —and no Complaints

"HAPPY the nation that has no history," it is said, and the same applies to individuals. What is called history is often little more than a record of trouble.

I thought this was well illustrated by an unusually cheerful letter:

"We have recently celebrated our Golden Wedding," writes a woman. "Fifty years of quiet happiness! And, as you receive so many letters about unhappy marriages, I thought you might like to see the other side of the picture."

"I believe that the majority of marriages are successful; it is only the failures that you hear about."

Advice to the Young

"I have had ample opportunity of judging."

"For thirty years we have let seaside apartments, and, from what I have seen, most people seem to get along comfortably. I should like to offer some advice to young people."

"Marry early, if you can, and have your family as soon as is convenient. That is best for the children and yourselves."

"You are young with them, and better able to enter into their ideas and interests."

"When they are old enough to look after themselves, you are still young enough to have a good time."

"Run your household to suit yourselves, and pay no heed to other people."

"Be loyal; don't nag; don't sulk; be a help and not a drag on each other; and don't expect everything to go smoothly all the time."

"You would be bored if it did."

"Never forget that marriage is a natural state. No 'single blessedness' can ever make up for the completeness of married life, especially when the years are growing short."

I like that advice—every word of it.

And I commend it, both to engaged couples and to the newly-wed.

My letters show that the chief causes of unhappiness in marriage are those things about which a warning is given—nagging, sulking, disloyalty—to which might be added interference by "in-



"We hear a lot about unhappy marriages. Let me tell you about the other side of the picture."

laws," the desire of one partner to bully the other, money troubles, and selfishness.

Here is a letter in point:

"We could have been happy during the last sixteen years if it hadn't been for my husband's bad temper," says a woman reader. "We are all in a nervous state."

"Two Rows a Week!"

"We mostly have two rows a week over trifling things. My daughters are so afraid of their father that they lock themselves in their bedrooms."

"As soon as he comes home, a dark cloud seems to come over us."

"He does not like any of us to laugh."

"I have to treat the father better than our son, or else he sulks for a week or two."

"I never go out without him. I never drink. I make all the children's clothes. I have never been in debt."

"I have done everything for his comfort, including mending his boots, but it is useless."

"These rows are killing me."

"We are in the midst of a row now."

"He is hanging things about, and we can hear him grumbling. My daughters lie trembling in bed. My heart nearly beats out. I have cried so many times, I cannot cry any more."

"We have no friends. My daughters say I have been buried alive."

This might be a happy home but for the man's childishness.

For temper is childish, and is due to a sense of frustration.

What satisfaction does the man get from terrorising the house?

*****POWER*****

POWER is a strange possession; so few know how to use it, and so many folk abuse it, till it becomes a Dark Obsession.

POWER holds a cold precision; it drives men MAD who crave it, for they think they can enslave it and are swept into Life's Derision.

POWER is a strange dimension; if by men it is degraded, it can never be persuaded to fulfil its great intention.

POWER flaunts a strange conclusion, it is a drastic master, it drives faster and yet faster and ends in a vain Delusion.

POWER is for Man's Salvation; it is for great endeavour, for Sin and Cruelty Never—these lead to self-damnation.

POWER is for Men with Vision, to be reached through meditation, with their soul's deep dedication, and no thought for self-provision.

POWER is man's small creation; it is the Tool Immortal to chisel Life's Dark Portal into the Last Elation.

POWER is Man's chance of Giving a chapter to Life's Story, to fill it with Deeds of Glory and so make Life Worth Living.

J. M.

And what can the wife do with a man like that?

She might leave him till he recovers his sanity.

She might retaliate with a show of temper bigger than his own.

She might laugh at him for being a baby.

Not Wholly Sane

If the man were open to reason, they could thrash out the whole problem, discovering precisely what is wrong and how to put it right.

But if the man is unable to understand why he behaves as he does, you can only regard him as a psychological "problem"—probably suffering from a sense of inferiority.

His whole attitude to life is warped and crazy.

He is not wholly sane.

Another letter comes from a young man of twenty.

"I was brought up by grandparents," he writes. "My grandfather was the kindest, saintliest soul in the world."

"He never criticised any one; never found fault or grumbled."

"He had the patience of Job."

"People told him about their troubles, sure of his sympathy. Perhaps he was 'too good' for this world."

"But my grandmother treated him abominably."

"She seemed unable to leave him alone. She had a caustic tongue and scolded him unmercifully. She seemed to see red the moment he appeared."

"Yet he never rebuked her."

"He bore it all with meekness and never complained."

"People have told me that she had been the same since the first days of their marriage."

"I am not married, or even engaged, but I suppose these things will happen to me sooner or later, and I have moments of serious misgiving."

"Suppose I found myself tied to such a tyrant."

"I am not a quarrelsome sort of man. I find it difficult to assert myself even when I'm in the right. The thought that I might become allied to a vixen is alarming."

Time to Worry . . .

The young man should not worry his head over a problem that has not appeared. He can start worrying if it materialises, but there is no reason why it should.

Far too many persons worry themselves silly worrying over something that may never happen.

The wise man always decides to "cross that bridge when he comes to it"—in the words of the adage—having taken every precaution to meet the emergency—if it arises.

And troubles don't loom so big, once you have started analysing them in the hope of being able to counter their ill-effects.

But that's wandering off the point. My correspondent realises that nagging is a form of mental cruelty.

Although divorce is not granted to henpecked husbands, there is always the possibility of separating on grounds of incompatibility.

The young man ought not to torment himself about an imaginary trouble.

Thinking about that grandmother of his, I am reminded of what I heard an American say: "It's easy enough to be sweet to a man if you don't love him."

It may seem a dark saying, but it is true enough. We are sometimes most ferocious with the people we love a great deal.

This makes one think twice before condemning.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Needing something more substantial than mere encouragement in their fight against adversity, two old-age pensioners, Mr. and Mrs. Howarth, of Blackburn, Lancashire, have appealed to JOHN BULL's War Sufferers' Fund for help.



Edward

And they deserve it.

Edward Howarth served throughout the last war, and now pays the price of patriotism by being crippled with rheumatism.

Meantime, the Darby and Joan of Blackburn have to pay rent, buy warm clothes, medicine, food and fuel out of their meagre pension money.

We hope you will be able to help them through the bitterest months of winter.

Donations should be addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, earmarked "Darby and Joan."

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

We are grateful to those who send to us under various pseudonyms.

Guineas for Readers

Every week **HUMANIST** tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without of course mentioning your name).

The Last Laugh

CAFE PROPRIETOR (London).—"We were so short of water a little time ago that we had to use the contents of the teapots to wash the dishes in." If it was anything like the tea we get in some restaurants it was very suitable for the purpose!

Miss R. (Boston).—"I am far and away the best soprano on the stage." Yes, far and away.

F. N. (Templecombe).—"I have been troubled recently by a persistent cough and cannot seem to cure it. What do you do when you have a cough?" Cough.

L. H. (Plumstead).—"Shaving is such a nuisance these days that I have decided to grow a beard. What do I need most to grow a good one?" Time.

E. B. (York).—"... and lastly I installed a gas fire, but found the company were unable to supply me with gas." Judging by the length of your letter you could supply your own.

T. L. (Warwick).—"One of the troubles of getting up late in the morning is that one never has time for a hot bath." When we get up late we find no difficulty in getting into hot water.

S. M. (Essex).—"Articles in a Rome newspaper are said to be written by the Duce himself." Quite likely. He has a knack of getting his stuff accepted.

D. C. (Egham).—"I dug for an hour in the garden and then realised that I was a little stiff." Well, you said it!

J. D. (Swansea).—"What does Lord Woolton have for lunch?" About twenty minutes, we believe.

S. C. (Bilston).—"I know my heart knocks a bit, and my liver's gone back on me, and I'm not proud of my kidneys, but, in a general sort of way, there isn't much the matter. Nevertheless, there are times when I feel seedy, and I don't know why it is." Perhaps you've got a corn.

H. L. (Farnworth).—"After 47 years' service with my firm I have given them notice. Do you know why?" You don't want to get into a rut?

P. L. (Twickenham).—"I suppose you and your wife share everything?" No; she insists that her husband has all the faults!

HENRY (Hayes).—"I can think of no better way of spending an evening than playing bridge." Well, it's no use complaining—there are hundreds of people in the same plight.

R. M. (Dulwich).—"It's a ticklish job taking rose cuttings." Especially if your neighbour comes home unexpectedly and catches you.

V. N. (East Coast).—"My grandfather seems to be thoroughly enjoying his job as roof-spotter on one of the tallest buildings in the district." He must be having a high old time.

H. L. (Dover).—"I've invented a secret weapon, but I'd tell you about it." Righto. Shoot!

E. M. (Ventnor).—"For over a month I was walking about America with a price on my head." But in the end someone told you about the ticket on your hat?

F. S. (Northwich).—"I've been reading about a man in America who left a million dollars to the girl who refused to marry him." There's gratitude for you!

F. F. (London, E.).—"Can you keep a secret? This is it—I want to borrow some money urgently." Don't worry, your secret's safe with us. It is just as if we never heard it.

SEAGR. J. (Bedford).—"I used to be a railway inspector, but now I am a boxing instructor in the Army." Do you prefer punching noses to tickets?

D. T. (Grantham).—"In the end I tossed up a penny to decide whether I should go out and have a drink or not." And how many times did you have to do it before it came down right?

D. M. (Riverside).—"This district was so badly flooded that the postman had to row up to our front-door in a small boat." We trust he did not rub it in by delivering the demand for the water rate.

MOTORIST (Colchester).—"If a suspicious looking man stopped you in a lonely road and aggressively demanded a lift, would you feel inclined to give him one?" Yes; under the jaw.

E. T. (Appleby).—"An Italian broadcaster still maintains that the Duce's armies can claim continued successes." Well, since they commenced their Greek and Egyptian campaigns, they have never looked back.

H. M. (York).—"It was a case of sour grapes." A case of lemons would be more useful nowadays.

R. R. (Exeter).—"An American mechanic has invented a car that will stop without the application of a brake." There are similar cars in this country driven by people who miscalculate their petrol allowance.

Mrs. B. (Hammersmith).—"I married my husband for his looks and I have never regretted it." He looked well off?

BETTY (Chester).—"When my mother came in and saw me sitting on a man's knee she told me to get off at once." But you pointed out that you got there first?

Mrs. Y. (Warminster).—"It is difficult to understand why my husband is so glum and never sings about the house." We expect nobody has ever written a song about it.

W. R. (Ingatestone).—"Nobody can take my character away from me." So you have no neighbours?

L. K. (Haslemere).—"I know a soldier who has a poem tattooed on his chest." That's nothing. We know an actor who had a whole play written round him.

Miss J. (Broadstairs).—"If he is not thinking of asking me to be his for keeps, what did he kiss me for?" Practice, perhaps.

R. D. (London, W.).—"Despite the recent destruction of their nesting places by German bombers, the City of London pigeons are still carrying on." And are just as indiscriminate themselves.

W. S. (London).—"During a raid a short time ago, we lost every pane in the house except one." The counterpane?

SPORTSMAN (Norfolk).—"Wild-fowling for several weeks eventually gets one down." Unless, of course, you are an extremely bad shot.

AUTHOR (Malvern).—"Among the many questions I have asked you from time to time I don't think I have ever enquired if you have a good wastepaper basket." You should know.

M. W. (Harrow).—"We take food and hot drinks into the shelter with us when there is a raid on. In the event of being buried under debris in a dug-out, what else would one need?" Digging out.

F. W. (Hampstead).—"When I came out into the street the other night everything was dark and hazy. And what time do you think it was?" — gentlemen, please!

G. N. (Dronfield).—"If I put £50 in the bank at compound interest and left it there 100 years, what would it be?" Not much use to you.

B. D. (Hampstead).—"A young man called in answer to my advertisement for a chauffeur, and when I asked him to see my wife, he told me he had done so." Perhaps that was why he wanted the job.

W. L. (Tooting).—"In some out-of-the-way places they still use fish for money." What a job they must have trying to get stamps out of a slot machine.

C. J. (Watford).—"After being at the boarding-house for six weeks I decided to leave." You discovered there was no bathroom?

ELSI (Frinton).—"Although it was a very romantic moon, all my boy friend did was to hold my hand. Isn't that the limit?" It must have been his idea of the limit.

(Side-Slips : See p. 17.)



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I'm sorry for old Graziani. Yer know 'e must find it kind o' lonely these days"

LESSONS OF THE BLITZ

By a Volunteer Warden

FOR courage, boldness and speedy action, provincial A.R.P. wardens have recently won the admiration they deserve.

Yet all human enterprise is a process of trial and error, and London wardens, facing Hitler's malice for four months, have encountered so many instances in which theory has been cancelled by practice that inexperienced wardens and "fire-bomb spotters" in districts yet unvisited by Nazi raiders may care to take advantage of experience gained by London wardens.

Mock raids and elaborate A.R.P. exercises in which London wardens indulged before the "blitz" started were not in vain.

They gave us valuable experience in organising rescue work, contacting patrols, and mobilising the casualty services quickly and efficiently.

All to the good. Yet, in pre-"blitz" days, this left us with the impression that A.R.P. was merely a matter of waiting for large-scale incidents, and, apart from Post duty, standing-by on the alert.

It is not so simple as that. There is now the extra "fire spotting duty" each night.

In my Post area, even on nights when there is no actual bomb damage from near or direct hits, there is generally a report of some minor incident, a suspected time-bomb, or something of the kind.

Mr. Smith thought he heard it at 2.17 a.m.

Mr. Jones confirms the impression.

The Post warden thinks he heard something, but disagrees with Smith over the direction of the missile.

So all the wardens turn out as soon as it is light, and, covering their own patrols, begin a hunt in back gardens and neighbouring fields.

When a searcher discovers a spot where the surface mould has been revealed, other wardens are stationed at the two corners of the street to divert pedestrian and motor traffic, awaiting the arrival of the police and a bomb-disposal unit.

People in neighbouring houses are warned to pack their possessions for fear sudden evacuation becomes necessary.

Until it is finally disposed of, the whole affair remains under the joint supervision of the A.R.P. and the police.

The one-kilo incendiary bomb offers the most striking instance of our having to modify original theory.

Recent tests show that our old method of hastening to the attack with a stirrup pump must be abandoned because every incendiary bomb

must be suspected of containing an explosive charge.

Explosion takes place within two minutes of the bomb starting to function.

Therefore, no attempt should be made to tackle the bomb until it has been burning for two minutes.

But if it has fallen near some highly inflammable material, it may be as well to risk personal injury to prevent a fire.

A good method of protection is to approach the bomb armed with a dustbin lid, carried shield-wise.

Sandbags, three-parts full, now being distributed in the London area, should be placed on the bomb, which, thus controlled, will burn itself out.

Careful provision must be made for all sorts of emergencies in a "blitz."

Since gas, electricity and water connections are buried only a few feet underground, there is every possibility of their being dislocated.

So alternative methods of heating and lighting must be prepared.

When people are bombed out of their homes, they are too bewildered to remember instructions.

Perhaps the best advice is to re-read A.R.P. handbooks from time to time and refresh the memory by going over official notices.

Your turn may never come. Yet be ready for it, just in case!

50 FAT BULLETS' CHEQUES TO REACH FEB. 27 ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN!

£250 **£100** **£20** **£10**

OVER **100** **80** **40** **30** **38**

37 **36** **35** **34** **33** **32**

31 **4** **30** **25** **1000** **NEW**

CASH and other PRIZES-POST FREE

BONUS **£25 EXTRA**

Each of the 50 chief winners who entered 4 or more "Bullets" for this Contest will receive a special **BONUS** Award Value 10/-

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,255

T. Alderman, 22, Highfield Road, Buntingford, Northants.

Example: **THERE'S A WAR ON, BO**Bulet: **FIRST ESSENTIAL—ESSENTIALS FIRST!**

2nd Prize: E. H. Pack, "Alum Chine," Hull Road, Anlaby, Hull. (Entered on Prize Coupon).

Example: **In These Days**Bulet: **Sea, "Driver" And "Fireman."**

3rd Prize: C. Smith, High Street, Shipston-on-Stour.

Example: **Grand Work**Bulet: **Smothering Smoke—Smothering "Smoked."**

100s.: Miss Shewell, 39a, Parkstone Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset.

When Death Comes—Sally, These "Smothering" Days!

100s.: H. G. McDonald, 27, Gordon Road, Edinburgh.

In These Days—Customer Asking "Anything Else?"

100s.: R. J. Hewitt, 175, Hall Green Road, Coventry.

Thrown Away—Captain's Life—Tradition "Saved."

100s.: Pta. A. Isman (7655740) "B" Coy. No. 5 Squad,

1 Training Batt., R.A.D.C. Somewhere-in-Britain.

Sea's A Sea, Sea—"Sea"—"Barrel"—"Sea"—

"Sea"!

100s.: R. D. Teller, 48, Drifden Street, Motherwell, Lanark.

The New Europe—Shook Up—Guns Rule.

100s.: J. F. Hickey, 91, Harley Road, Harlesden, N.W.

Doesn't Work—Mother-in-law, Living With Us!

100s.: Mrs. E. Shuttleworth, Lyndhurst, Broomfield Road,

Chelmsford.

No Work—Too Hard, "Eating" Country.

100s.: D. L. Webster, "Burgley," Highfield, Sidmouth, Devon.

Our Freedom—"History's Structure" Destroying

Vendals.

100s.: S. C. Bailey, 114, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

When Annie Brewster—Brewster "Get It Over!"

100s.: G. Davies, c/o Mr. Bockitt, Shepherd's Bridge, Knott-

ingley, Yorks.

Worries Men—"Partner" Watching Him "Bingo."

100s.: Mrs. Hagerty, Wyncroft, Brownhill Lane, Preston.

The New Aristocracy—The Honourable "Bingo-Gulls!"

100s.: H. Parris, "The Betsy," Victoria Road, Bexley, Kent.

In These Days—"Brightness" Squabs—And Baskets.

List of 25 winners of Hangers can be seen at their offices.

The 50 (1 Bonus, 100 Surprise Awards and 1,000 Merit

Awards have been posted.

HOW TO WIN!

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples and you have made a Bulet.

Then see how you can polish and add zip or humour to those words. You will thoroughly enjoy making your own efforts sparkle like the latest prize-winning Bulet on left.

Aim at one of this week's 50 Fat Cheques, fire your Bulet into the pillar-box not later than Monday, February 10, and—who knows—the £100 Joy Wire may be for YOU!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY FROM AMERICA TO STOP THE ROT END OF THE WAR THOSE WHO KNOW IGNORED MAN AT THE TOP GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY OUGHT TO BE COMPULSORY ROBBERS CRACK OF THE WHIP WOMAN IN THE KITCHEN FATE WAS CRUEL AND MIGHT HELP JOE FOR A HERO HAPPY HOME KISSES WHAT WE EAT RUSSISH BIT OF A BOTHER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Waiting For A
 Half The 's Finished
 When But
 We've Got No In The Air
 Of Success

EXAMPLE**BULLET****EXAMPLE****BULLET****EXAMPLE****BULLET****EXAMPLE****BULLET****EX.****B.****EX.****B.**

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bulets on this coupon.

Signed

P.O. Value..... No.
1,250 NEW Closing Postmark, MON., FEB. 10.

Address

LAST 2 EFFORTS

FREE
 WITH 4 PAID,
 THUS GIVING
6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

Affix 1d. STAMP.
 for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin.

ADDRESS adjoining label Affix to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 1,500-Word Guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

72.....

STAMPS

may be used as

ENTRY-FEE

—stick them to this

form and enclose with

your Bulet Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what is the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, in the best Bulet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bulet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamp sent to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. sent, make payable to JOHN BULL, c/o S. C. Bailey, 114, Arundel Street, Portsmouth. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible. Coupon on right-but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

ENTRY-FEE: Use P.O. or Stamp—
 6d. for each 2 Bulets.
 Pay for 4, get 2 FREE.

ADDRESS: "Bullets" No. 1,250, "John Bull,"
ENTRY: Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

How will Hitler fall?

Quietly, relentlessly and tenaciously, behind the closed doors of cottage, factory and innocent villa and in the very bowels of darkest Europe, the forces of freedom are working for the overthrow of the Nazi regime. What are these forces? How are they working? Where are they working? George Slocombe, the brilliant writer on diplomacy and foreign affairs,



reveals to the world what is happening behind the scenes, in a series of six brilliant articles. They are now appearing exclusively in the "Daily Herald." George Slocombe has travelled widely in Europe. He has spoken personally to all the European statesmen of note, and his sources of information are unique.

Here are the titles of the six articles that no thinking man or woman should miss:—

1. POLAND PREPARES FOR THE DAY
2. A SECOND FRENCH REVOLUTION?
3. CZECHS SILENT WAR FOR BRITAIN
4. A NEW ATLANTIC ALLIANCE
5. THE PISTOL AT ENGLAND'S HEART
6. THE RIDDLE OF THE BALKANS

DAILY HERALD

EXCLUSIVE NOW

U.S. Owing to war time restrictions, if you wish to read the series of articles by George Slocombe on "HOW WILL HITLER FALL?" you must place an order with your nearest **NOW** for the "Daily Herald" to be delivered regularly to you every day.

For the BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES and HEART



**Sold by
Chemists
Everywhere!**

Elasto

REGISTERED
The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto.' Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) heal naturally and the cure is lasting, piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say!

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto'."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of 'Elasto'."
"My piles are gone; my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto,' my leg is now completely cured."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."
"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to 'Elasto'."
"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."
"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'ELASTO'—the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

FREE

A Generous Sample of this
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Fill in This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, postfree. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★
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